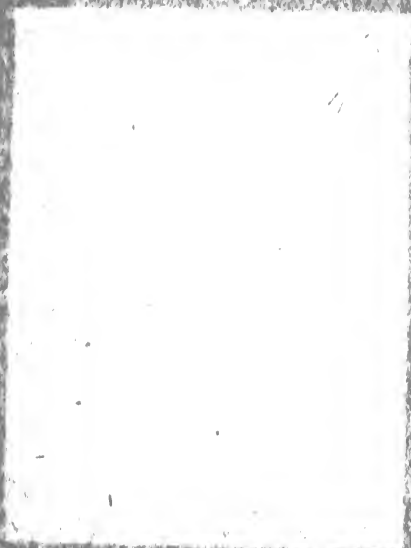


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THE  
AMOURS  
OF

Don CARLOS.

A True HISTORY,

*Translated from a Manuscript privately handed about at the FRENCH Court.*



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T H E  
A M O U R S  
O F  
Don *CARLOS*,



**L** T is a common Observation, that the greatest Minds are most subject to the Emotions of the tender Passion, and that however Ambition and Love of Fame may seem to predominate in the Main, yet there are certain Seasons of Life, some critical Periods, when the soft Deity puts in his Claim for Sovereignty over the Soul of Man, and for that Instant triumphs over the more turbulent Passions; obliging them

to lay aside all their wise Maxims, and render themselves subservient to the transporting Purposes of mighty Love: Some have carried this Notion so far as to imagine it impossible to describe a perfect Hero, without some manifest Display of his Sensibility of the Charms of the fair Sex. However great his Courage may be, however unbounded his Ambition, there is still something wanting to compleat the truly great Man, if he proves recreant to the Laws of Love, and has not sworn Fealty to the blind Boy: Even the most rigid Moralist would confess, that in such a frigid Disposition there was not that Harmony of Soul, which is necessary to constitute the perfect Man, and that such a Being could not relish half the Felicity of which human Nature is capable, since the divine Passion of Love is the first Principle and Spring of all the social Affections, that nameless indescribable Something, which chains the several Members of this Mundane System together, and retains the intellectual World in social Harmony; without which the very Elements would roll in eternal Discord, and the Peace of Society vanish in endless Jarrs. It is no Wonder then to find that the soft Passions sometimes filled the Breast of the accomplished *Don Carlos*, and that the more weighty Cares of rugged Ambition gave Place at some Seasons to the warm Emotions of conquering Beauty. Yes, *Don Carlos* own'd himself a Votary of the *Cyprian* Queen, and was not ashamed to wear the Chains of enchanting Love; but he lov'd like a Hero, and though he indulg'd himself in full Draughts of the wanton Libation, yet he was still himself,

nor

nor suffered the Heat of Blood and headstrong Appetite to hurry him into Scenes beneath his Birth and Dignity.

It was in the Beginning of the Year 1743, that Don *Carlos* left *Italy*, invested by his Father with full Power to prosecute his Pretensions upon the old Patrimony of their House. He travell'd incognito, and took such Courts in his Way, as he thought would, in any Measure, favour his intended Expedition, and was receiv'd by all with the greatest Marks of Esteem and Affection. But when he arrived in *France*, he met with extraordinary Civilities; all Ranks of People vying with each other, who shou'd pay the young Adventurer most Respect; and his most Christian Majesty gave him all possible Assurances, that he look'd upon his Interests as his own, and that he would not sheath his Sword, 'till he had establish'd him in the peaceable Possession of the Throne of his Ancestors: For this Purpose, he enter'd into a solemn Treaty with him as Regent of *Britain*, by which he engaged to employ his whole Strength to restore him to his Dominions, and stipulated, that whatever might be the Event of the War, he should always acknowledge him as Heir of the *British* Crown, and afford him and his Partizans Protection in his Kingdom, 'till it should please God to bless his Arms with Success.

Every thing look'd with a promising Aspect with regard to our young Hero; many of the most considerable Clans in *Scotland* had sign'd an Invitation to him to come over, and had engaged themselves to be ready with their whole

Power to assert his Claim so soon as he should vouchsafe to appear amongst them. And some Persons of no mean Rank, both in the Low-Countries of *Scotland* and in *England*, gave him Assurances of their Readiness to risque their Lives and Fortunes in his Cause; and represented, that considering the Divisions at Home, and the Absence of the Army abroad, on an unsuccessful and unpopular War, he had no Reason to doubt of Success. Full of these fair Chimeras the Marshal Count *de Saxe* projected an Invasion, which he intended to head himself, under the Countenance of *Don Carlos*, and all Things were quickly in Motion for putting this grand Project in Execution. Arms were bought up, Ammunition and warlike Stores sent to the several Sea-ports, in order to be shipp'd for *Scotland*, and the *Irish* Brigades and some of the best Troops of *France* fil'd off towards *Dunkirk* and *Calais*, in order to be ready for Embarkation. *Don Carlos* set out from *Paris*, and Count *de Saxe* was already at *Calais*, when Intelligence was brought from *England*, that the Government there had got Scent of the Plot, and imprisoned some Persons supposed to be concern'd in it, and consequently, that the present would be an improper Juncture to prosecute their Scheme; since this Discovery had alarmed their Enemies, and hinder'd their Friends from taking the proper Steps to favour their Landing.

On this News *Don Carlos* and the Count *de Saxe* were sent for express to *Paris*, and the old Cardinal us'd all his Rhetorick to persuade *Don Carlos* to be easy under the Disappointment, and to wait patiently for a more favourable Opportunity.

nity. The young Hero was highly chagrin'd ; and dropp'd some Hints to the Cardinal, that however fairly the Court carried it, he had some Reason to suspect that this Expedition was never seriously intended, or at least that it was laid aside for other Motives than the News of a Discovery from *England*, which he said could be of little Moment to a Scheme so well concerted ; since, if his most Christian Majesty was in earnest, a Landing might be made at some Part of the Island in Spite of the *English* Fleet ; and with that he expected his Father's *Scotch* Subjects would be so much encouraged, that he doubted not to effect his Purpose, notwithstanding all the Precautions the Government could take, though never so well inform'd of his Design. But, added he, though my Family have been the Dupes of this Court ever since 1688, yet I would have your Eminence inform the King, my Cousin, that I scorn to become the Tool of his Ambition, or your Politicks, and for that Reason I intend immediately to quit his Dominions, where I purpose never to return, 'till I am assur'd, by something stronger than empty Promises, that he designs to observe with me that Faith which ought to subsist betwixt Christian Princes.

The Cardinal, not a little surpriz'd at the resolute Behaviour of the young Hero, endeavour'd, all in his Power, to soften his Resentment, and to persuade him that his most christian Majesty had nothing so much at Heart as the Restoration of his Family, and that the present Delay was by no means his Fault ; and us'd all the Arguments he thought could have any Weight to persuade him to stay in *France*, 'till Measures should be con-

certed for another Expedition. Don *Carlos* heard him, but was little mov'd by all he could say, and turned from him without making any farther Reply. However, by the Persuasion of Sir *Thomas Sherridan* and his Favourite *O'Sullivan*, his Father's Letters, and some Advices he had from *Scotland*, that Things were in great Forwardness for an Attempt the ensuing Spring, he was prevail'd on to quit his Resolution of returning to *Italy*. But his Mind had been for some Months so much employ'd on the warlike Preparations for Count *Saxe's* Expedition, and his Hopes so much rais'd by so near a Prospect of at least his having a Struggle for what he thought his Right, that it was some Time before he cou'd banish the Chagrin this Disappointment gave him. The Court and all his Attendants endeavour'd to divert him by such Allurements as were most likely to alleviate his Melancholy. He appear'd at their Diversions; but his Soul was absent: The Shoars of wealthy *England*, which he observ'd from the opposite Coast, were still present to his Imagination, and robb'd him of every Enjoyment, that had no Tendency to promote his Landing in that much-lov'd Country; all Musick that was not warlike, sounded ungrateful in his Ear, and every Diversion that did not raise in his Mind Ideas of Battles or Sieges, but encreas'd his Melancholy. So much had Ambition possess'd his young Mind, that even Beauty lost its Efficacy; and he look'd, at that Time, upon the finest Women in *France* with perfect Indifference. At last, wearied with every Object at *Paris*, and sick of their enervating Enjoyments, the Campaign



in *Flanders* being open'd, he accompanied the King to the Siege of *Fontenoy*, and on that Day fatal to the *British* Troops, charg'd at the Head of the *Irish* Brigade, where he behav'd with so much Gallantry, and gave such Proofs of a rational sedate Courage, that the *French* Court and Camp eccho'd nothing but his Praises, and none seem'd ignorant of his intrinsick Worth but himself. He receiv'd the Compliments of the King and Nobility on that Occasion in such a Manner as convinced them, that in his Opinion, Courage, meer Courage, is but a secondary Quality in a great Prince, and uncapable of tainting with Vanity the truly heroic Spirit. But here he was more himself than at *Paris*, his Chagrin began to abate, and at this Time an Accident happen'd which set fire to the soft Flame which restless Ambition had hitherto smother'd in his Breast.

In the Evening of that unhappy Day, Don *Carlos*, whose Mind was agitated by a great Variety of warring Passions, could not relish the tumultuous Rejoicings of the *French* King's Court, and that Monarch, who judg'd how difficult it was for a Prince in Don *Carlos*'s Situation to bear with equal Temper a Scene of Mirth, attended with so many perplexing, and to him interesting Circumstances, excus'd his Absence, and permitted him to withdraw to his Tent; where he had no sooner arrived, than he dismiss'd his officious Attendants, and alone gave Vent to that Melancholy which oppress'd him from the Transactions of the preceding Day. After pausing a while, as if to recollect what Thoughts best suited his present Circumstances,

he

he burst out into the following passionate Soliloquy.

Good God! to what Circumstances, has Fate reduc'd me, that it's almost impossible for me to know, whether I should lament with the Vanquish'd, or rejoice with the Victors. Here my Ally Triumphs, and triumphs over my hated Rivals: but who are the vanquish'd, and what Nation owes the Slain? There's the dire Sting! They are *Britons*, the unhappy Sons of once happy *Britain*, my Brethren, my Countrymen, and my Father's mistaken Subjects; can I rejoice in their Defeat, and glory to see them fly before those Troops, over whom my Ancestors purchas'd immortal Fame! No! I could weep Tears of Blood, and can find no Glimpse of Comfort, but in this, that *Britons* can only be overcome by *Britons*; yes! it was the Subjects of the same Nation, that gave Conquest to the *French*, and snatch'd Victory from their brave, but unfortunate Countrymen; Strange Maze of Policy! that one Kingdom should find Men for both Sides, and Money for all; that *Britons* should be so lavish of their Blood and Treasure, that rather than want a Cause to fight, they cut one anothers Throats for Interests as distant from theirs as the opposite Poles. How wild and inconsistent the Dictates of Ambition, that can sacrifice the Lives of so many thousand Men for a Straw, a meer ideal Quarrel, for a Spot of Earth scarce sufficient to muster the Number of the Slain upon, for a Place \* the one of them does not intend to keep, and in which the other has no Interest or Concern whose it is, and yet these Men march  
up

\* *Tournay*.

up to the Mouths of Cannon with Intrepidity, fight as if Religion, Liberty, and every Thing they hold dear were at Stake, tho' scarce the Chiefs themselves are capable of giving a true State of the mighty Quarrel, for which they lead so many Men on to Death, and inevitable Destruction. Teach me O thou Governor, of all human Events, how I may assert the sacred Rights of my Family, without being a Witness or accessary to the Diminution of the Glory, and real Interest of that divided People ; heal up their breaches, and make them happy, whatever way thou disposest of me and my House. After this he continued for some Time in a deep Reverie, when he recollected, that in the Action, a young Gentleman, a Volunteer of some Distinction had been wounded, while he was giving him his Horse, (that on which he rode being shot under him) he call'd to some of his People to inform him what was become of him, for he had a particular esteem for that Youth, who had been lately introduced to him, by Sir *Thomas Sherridan*, and by his Behaviour in the Action, had shewn an uncommon concern for his Person, by keeping close by him, and remounting him on his own Horse, before his Equeries could come up to him, at which Time the young Gentleman receiv'd a Musquet Shot in the Ankle, which disabled him from continuing longer in the Field.

Mean while, an intimate Friend of that Gentleman's had been attending for some Time, with a Letter, which he beg'd leave to deliver into his Highness's own Hands. Don *Carlos* being now inform'd of this, was pleas'd to  
order

order him to be admitted, when he deliver'd a Letter, which contain'd as follows.

Clementina de — to his Royal Highness  
Don Carlos. -

“ Royal Sir,

“ Your Highness knew me in the Charac-  
“ of Monsieur De ——— whose Sister I am,  
“ and whose Name I only borrow'd, to con-  
“ ceal a Passion, which however violent, had  
“ remain'd buried in my Breast, had not ap-  
“ proaching Death made the Consequence of a  
“ Discovery of less Moment to my Fame.  
“ Till now, Sir, Virgin Modesty, and rigid Cuf-  
“ tom, have ty'd my Tongue, from venting that  
“ violent Flame, which has consum'd me ever  
“ since I first had the Pleasure of seeing your  
“ Highness, the last Time the Court was at *Foun-  
“ tainbleau*. It was then, Royal Sir, my Eyes  
“ were first ravish'd with your sacred Person,  
“ and my Soul suck'd in full Draughts of a  
“ hopeless Passion; all my Senses acknowledg'd  
“ your Preheminence over the rest of Man-  
“ kind, and all my faculties were at once taken  
“ Captive by your matchless Excellence; every  
“ Word, every Look, every Motion, and most  
“ indifferent Gesture, added Fuel to the  
“ Flame, and fill'd every Corner of my Soul  
“ with your dear Idea.

“ I saw the Precipice before me, I measur'd  
“ in Imagination the immense Distance be-  
“ tween your Highness and me, yet still I ven-  
“ tured on, regardless of Danger or the excruciating

" ating Pangs of a hopeless Passion. I hugg'd  
 " my Chains, and gloried in my Weakness, since  
 " I still enjoy'd all I could hope for, the tran-  
 " sporting Pleasure of daily seeing my Hero,  
 " and when absent hearing his Praises the im-  
 " mortal Theme of unwearied Fame. My  
 " Flame, was pure, and immaculate as the  
 " Prayers of dying Martyrs; no lawless Hope,  
 " nor impure Wish mingled with the sacred  
 " Fire, but blaz'd unmix'd like that seraphic  
 " Spark, which tunes the Spheres into social  
 " Harmony. Day after Day furnish'd fresh  
 " Matter to augment the pleasing, torturing,  
 " thrilling Pain, till Love, soft immaculate Love,  
 " became the very Essence of my ravish'd Soul.  
 " I heard of your Preparation for the Ar-  
 " my, and might as easily determine to cease  
 " to be, as remain behind you, my point of  
 " supreme Happiness, and better self; and fixt  
 " on the Disguise in which I was introduc'd  
 " to you, as the most likely, in a Camp, to  
 " place me near your sacred Person. I  
 " thought before this Time, I lov'd as much as  
 " mortal Soul was capable of, but the gracious  
 " Reception you was pleas'd to afford me, in  
 " that feigned Character, dilated all my Facul-  
 " ties beyond themselves, and taught my Soul a  
 " new Theme of immortal Love. I forgot the  
 " Weakness of my Sex, I follow'd you to  
 " Battle, and saw, with Admiration, your God-  
 " like Actions: I saw my Hero plunge intre-  
 " pidly into a Sea of Honour, and pluck fair  
 " Laurels from the Jaws of Death, and Soul-  
 " shocking Danger; I saw it with Pleasure, and  
 " without fear, as conscious that just Heaven  
 " must

" must protect such matchless Worth, and pre-  
 " serve you a Blessing to Generations yet un-  
 " born. Tho' I thought my Hero invulnerable,  
 " alas I was not so ; a Bullet in your Presence  
 " pierc'd my Ankle, and forc'd me from the  
 " Field. The Agony of the Wound, the Loss of  
 " Blood, and the State of my Mind (which has  
 " no Comfort, but that I received my Death  
 " Wound in your Sight, and in some Measure  
 " in your Cause,) has occasion'd a Fever, and  
 " all the Symptoms of approaching Dissolution ;  
 " but I could not pass into another World with  
 " Peace, 'till I reveal with how ardent and  
 " chaste a Flame, I adore, the amiable Don  
 " *Carlos* ; afford R<sup>oyal</sup> Sir at least a Sigh in  
 " Sympathy to an unhappy Maid, who liv'd  
 " upon your Sight, and dies because she lov'd  
 " you. The bearer, who is of my Sex, can tell  
 " you the particulars of my Story, she is of  
 " Quality, and I beg leave to recommend her  
 " to your Protection when I am gone. I can  
 " no more, — adieu my Prince, may you  
 " be as happy as is the Wish of."

*Clementina De* ———

It's easier to imagine than describe the Sur-  
 prize Don *Carlos* was seiz'd with, on reading  
 this extraordinary Letter : It rais'd him from  
 his Reverie in an Instant ; and with an Air of  
 Politeness peculiar to him, he told the Person  
 who deliver'd it, and had been standing at a  
 Distance all the while he had been reading,  
 that he hop'd she would excuse his Rudeness,  
 in making a Lady stand so long, and that  
 his Ignorance of her Sex and Quality till the  
 Conclusion

Conclusion of the Letter, would atone for his Behaviour. After he had made the Lady sit down, he told her he was heartily sorry for the Case of Mademoiselle *Clementina*, in whose Behaviour he recollected, that he saw a Thousand little Circumstances, that might have taught him there was some Mystery at Bottom ; but added he, the Hurry of the Campaign, and the intollerable Anxiety that haunts my unhappy Thoughts, depriv'd me of the Power of reflecting as I might have done, had I but ordinary Penetration. Good God ! how unhappy am I, that Ruin and Destruction are almost the constant Reward of those that but wish well to me, and my unhappy House : But Mademoiselle *Clementina's* Case is more extraordinary than all the others ; so noble, so pure and disinterested a Passion for an unhappy Exile, deserves more than Sympathy, and her Letter alone has rais'd in my Breast every Passion that can speak my Tendernefs and Compassion for the lovely Heroine. Heavens ! I think I yet see with what Eagerness, she followed me in the Action, I almost grew Jealous that she meant to emulate me in Valour ; and with what a ready Grace she dismounted and offer'd me her Horse, when mine fell ; her Air, her Mein and Action, spoke the brave, the generous and accomplish'd Cavalier, and at that Instant a Bullet struck her in the Ankle, on which she fell, without any Womanish Shrieks, or unmanly Grimaces ; I had but time to desire my Equery, who was then come up, to carry her out of the Field, but little dream'd she had any Thing of the Woman about her : But we lose time Madam, I must

must go to pay my Complements to the lovely Amazon, and if possible recover that Life, which I must be less than Man, and more than Brute, if I did not hold at an infinite Price. The Lady told his H<sup>ighness</sup> that she believ'd his charitable Compassion would be in vain; for added she, her Ankle is shatter'd by the Bullet, and her Fever every Minute encreases, without any hope of Cure, since she is determin'd not to admit of the Assistance of a Surgeon, for fear of discovering her Sex; and besides I am apt to think, the sight of your Highness, after the Declaration in that Letter, and so unexpected, would give so great a Shock to her Delicacy, as, of itself, would put a Period to her Life. But as it is possible you may prevail on her to use some means for her Recovery, with Permission I shall go before, and by Degrees prepare her for the Honour you are pleas'd to intend her; Don *Carlos* approv'd of her Caution, and waited with great Impatience till she return'd. In the Interim he revolv'd in his Mind many Incidents of particular Conversations he had with that Lady, since she was introduc'd to him, all which confirm'd him in a high Opinion of her Sense, and the Delicacy of her Sentiments, tho' prepossess'd with the most violent Passion. He recollected her Features which he always thought too soft for a Man, and fancied that in her own Dress, she must appear a charming Woman. This Thought rais'd a warm Emotion in his Breast, different from Compassion, and yet not to be term'd real Love; he thought himself incapable of that Idle Passion, and was resolv'd to entertain the blind God as an Amusement only,

but



but determin'd to do all in his Power to recover the doubly wounded Maid, tho' not without some faint Hope of reaping more solid Satisfaction from it, than what arose from the bare Contemplation of doing a generous Act ; for our Hero, in the full Prime of youthful Blood, found his Pulse beat high, and the vital Heat hastening towards the Extrems in Proportion as the Time approach'd when he thought he was to be introduced to the lovely Amazon. *Teresa*, for that was the Name of this Confidant of *Clementina*'s Passion, return'd, and told the *Prince*, that with much Difficulty she had persuaded her Friend to admit of his Visit. They hereupon went out together, without any Attendants : Don *Carlos* enter'd *Clementina*'s Tent, which was not far from his own ; her Servants withdrew on his Appearance, and no Body remain'd but *Teresa*. The Lady was reclin'd upon a Couch, in a Military Dress, and received the *Prince* with a modest Blush, which bespoke at once both the Pleasure she took in this Interview, and the Pain it gave her that he knew the Secret of her Passion, which she had discovered, as judging it impossible that she should ever see him alive. Passion, and Modesty on one Side, and Delicacy on the other, sealed up their Utterance ; they spoke only with their Eyes, a Language sufficiently expressive of the tender Sentiments that fill'd both their Breasts. The Condescension of the *Prince* in affording her this unexpected Mark of his Esteem and good Nature, made him appear ten Times more amiable than usual ; a certain significant Languishment soften'd the usual Majesty of his Countenance, and assur'd the Love-

sick *Clementina*, that her Sufferings had raised the tenderest Sympathy in her Hero's Breast; which diffus'd such a Glow of Joy over her sinking Spirits, that it brighten'd every Feature in her Face, and represented her to the Eye of the inflam'd *Prince*, as an Object not only worthy of his Esteem, but of a warmer Attraction. He was about to express the first Dictates of a new born Flame, when he recollected that he might offend her Delicacy, and seem to take an Advantage of the Declaration she had made him; and, therefore contented himself with confessing his Sentiments in the dumb Eloquence of the Eye, and then politely express'd his Concern for her Wound and the Danger she had expos'd herself to in the Action; press'd her to admit of a Visit from his Surgeon, a Person on whose Fidelity he could depend, if he should happen to discover her Sex, which it was more than probable he might not. Some Scruple still remain'd, but she was at last overcome by the Persuasions of *Don Carlos* and *Teresa*. The Surgeon was sent for, and the *Prince* was pleas'd to stay by her till her Foot was dress'd for the first Time. The Surgeon assur'd them there was no Danger, if the Symptoms of the Fever could be abated, to which Purpose he gave her proper Medicines, and recommended her to be kept very quiet, never once dreaming that his Patient was any Thing else than what her Dress represented her.

*Don Carlos*, took his leave that Night, entreating her to endeavour to take some Repose, and if possible preserve a Life in which he found himself strongly interested; she reply'd to

this obliging Compliment with a Sigh, promising to use her utmost Efforts to recover the wonted Tranquility of her Mind, which she hop'd would operate with the Help of the Surgeon, for the Benefit of her Cure.

Madamoiselle *Clementina* slept pretty well that Night; but Don *Carlos* was more uneasy: he found in himself a strong Disposition to favour that Lady, and every Moment fancied he saw a Thousand Things that made her worthy of his most tender Regards, and his good Nature made him feel all the Anguish of her Wound, and anticipate, in Imagination, the worst Consequence that might happen to her. When he had pass'd much of the Night in Reflections of this Kind, sometimes drown'd in Grief and Despair at the Prospect of her Danger, and at other Times, flattering himself that she would soon be well, and picturing in his Mind the Pleasures he should reap, from the Conversation, Friendship, and Affection of so fine a Woman. At last he recollected himself as if awak'd out of a Dream, and chid his Imagination for wandering so far from his beloved Subject of Meditation, *Ambition*, and permitting him to spend so much of his Time on an Amusement so trivial, when his own immortal Honour, the Happiness of his whole Family, and the Expectations of his dear Country, call'd loudly for his whole Attention: Is it proper, said he, for one in my Situation, to spend his Thoughts in the wanton Dalliances of an Amour; or are the Sufferings of my Family, and the Opp~~ress~~ions of my native Country, Things of so light a Nature, that they should give Way to the gay and soft Allurements of a

Love-sick Maid. No ! These are Thoughts sufficient to employ all my Faculties, and engross the whole Man ; I must not therefore yield to the tempting Blandishments of Sense, or the idle Calls of a wanton Passion. It attacks me now in the Shape of tender Simpathy, and generous Compassion for the unfortunate Fair ; but these are only the outward Gildings of a more dangerous Affection, that lies lurking under these fair Appearances, ready to unbend my Thoughts from the more weighty Concerns I am engag'd in. I must guard against the soft Intruder, and banish him my Breast, before he has usurp'd too strong an Empire over my Soul ; I must not see the fair Charmer more : There is Danger in her Looks, Contagion in that soft Distress which steals from her bewitching Eyes, which I must shun.——But what must the unhappy *Clementina* think of such Conduct, must not she imagine me a Brute, a Barbarian, to neglect her in Misery, and refuse her that Sympathy in her Anguish, which every Mortal that knows her Story must confess she more than merits. And must I, to be greatly wretched, divest myself of Humanity, and deny Pity and Assistance to those who are unhappy only on my Account ? Sure Virtue cannot be so severe. I feel my Soul sensibly touched with her Misfortune ; is it reasonable I should crush so benevolent a Disposition ? No ! I'll cherish it ; but guard myself against its Excess, or any Consequences it may draw me into, inconsistent with those more weighty Engagements which claim my Attention. In this Manner Don *Carlos* pass'd the most part of the Night, and early next Morning, as soon as he

he was dress'd, went to visit the amorous *Clementina*, whom he found much mended since the preceding Night, her Fever being almost gone, and the Anguish of the Wound much abated. He made his Stay but short, for Fear of incommoding her, and perhaps to stifle an Inclination which he found the Sight of her inspir'd him with, tho' unsuitable to her then Circumstances.

In a few Days after this, the Siege of *Tournay* being ended, by the Surrender of the Place to the *French*, Don *Carlos*, took up his Quarters in that City, and ordered the doubly wounded Volunteer, and her Attendants, Apartments near his own ; where he had more frequent Opportunities of conversing with that amiable Lady. But tho' she appear'd in a fair Way of Recovery, yet her Cure proceeded but slowly, at least not so quick as the warm Emotions of the now enamour'd Don *Carlos* could have wish'd it ; for who could see a charming Woman almost every Hour of the Day, in Bed, and who had declar'd herself possess'd of the most tender Passion that ever warm'd the human Breast, without feeling some Desires which in the Circumstances of her Disorder, he could not decently propose to gratify. Every Visit inflamed the *P<sup>assion</sup>* beyond the Preceding, yet such was his Delicacy, that he never once utter'd his Thoughts, but in trembling Sighs, and soft Glances, chusing to lay that Restraint upon his Inclinations, till she was perfectly recovered, which he waited for impatiently. In the mean Time, an Intimacy commenc'd between him and *Teresa*, which could not well be avoided by

the frequent Opportunities they had of being together. At first Don *Carlos* conceived a more than ordinary Complaisance for that Lady, on Account of her Tenderness and Concern for *Clementina*; but it rarely happens that Friendship between Persons of different Sexes can be confin'd within the due Bounds of that Affection: Something else sooner or later mixes itself with the social Flame, as it happen'd in the present Case. The Pr—e chanc'd one Evening to visit Mademoiselle *Clementina*, and found her asleep with *Teresa* sitting by her, reading one of *Molier's* Plays. *Teresa* on his Appearance would have wak'd her fair Companion, but as he knew she had rested ill the Night before, he would not suffer it, but withdrew softly to the other End of the Room, and enter'd into Chat with *Teresa*, whom he found at that Time in an unusual Flow of Spirits, whether proceeding from the Play she had been reading, or the Pleasure she took in being entertain'd alone by the accomplish'd Don *Carlos*. A smart Chace of Wit and Repartee ensued between them, and Don *Carlos* lik'd her Humour so well, that for some Time he forgot the lovely *Clementina*, and began to examine more closely the Charms of her Companion *Teresa*. She was young, had a fine Shape, and delicate Complexion. Her Eyes were black, full, and sparkling, and her Features perfectly regular, and seem'd in nothing inferior to her wounded Rival, but in her Stature, which was rather too low for a fine Woman; but to balance that, her Wit seem'd more sprightly, her Humour more facetious, and less reserv'd.

Whether

Whether she really was possess'd of these Qualifications or not, is not altogether so material: its sufficient that she appear'd at this Time in such a Light as awaken'd Don *Carlos's* Attention, and put him upon relieving those Pains he felt for *Clementina*, in the real or fancied Charms of *Teresia*.

He had made no actual Declaration in form to *Clementina*, but all along express'd himself in such Terms as might be explain'd to Sympathy, Compassion, and Humanity, so that he run no Risk in being charg'd by *Teresia* with Infidelity, or Inconstancy, and he believ'd by her Behaviour, that she would not be over scrupulous with Regard to the Interest of her Friend. He was just forming in his Mind the properest Terms to declare himself to this new Mistress, when *Clementina* wak'd, and put an End to the Conversation, to the great Disappointment of both the one and other.

On Sight of that lovely Maid, yet smarting with the Wound she had receiv'd for the Sake of her beloved Prince, Don *Carlos* blush'd at his Weakness, that he should harbour the least Thought of repaying so noble a Passion with so much Ingratitude; one Look of that suffering Fair dispell'd all the Charms of *Teresia*, and once more brought him back to his Duty.

He ask'd her with great Tenderness about her Health, and on her telling him that she found herself much better, and could not feel any Pain while he interested himself with so much Goodness in her Welfare, he met her Eyes with such a tender Look, as convinc'd *Clementina* how agreeable that obliging Declaration was to him. Imprinting an eager Kiss on her fair Hand, he

told her, that nothing meerly relative to his own Person, could give him half so much Pleasure as to see her once more that gay Cavalier she appeared to be, when first introduced to him. A great many tender Things past between them at this Conversation, and *Don Carlos* seem'd rather more enamour'd than before, and had dropp'd some Expressions more explicit than he had done at any Time since their first Acquaintance.

*Teresa* saw the fond Scene, and look'd upon it with Envy; for from the few Minutes Conversation she had but just pass'd with *Don Carlos*, she had made herself almost sure that she had got the better of his Prepossessions for *Clementina*; but now saw her Hopes frustrated, and that Lady gaining a still stronger Empire in the Heart of *Don Carlos*. She curs'd the Insufficiency of her own Charms, and the Weakness of her Wit, that had not made a better Use of that Lady's Indisposition, to dispute the Possession of a Heart to which she thought she had an equal, if not a superior Claim. From that Moment she determin'd to lose no Opportunity, to prevent the Growth of the Pr——e's Affection for her Rival, and encrease in him that favourable Opinion, she fancied from the last Conversation; he began to have of her. She lost that Concern she had heretofore felt for *Clementina's* Health, nay wish'd that her Indisposition might at least continue for some Time, if not end in her Death, and would have found no Difficulty in breaking with her entirely, if she had not been constrain'd to conceal her Sentiments, to have an Opportunity, under the specious Pretext  
of



of Friendship for that unhappy Lady, to pursue her Design upon the Pr——e.

A Day or two pass'd before she could be so happy as to be alone with *Don Carlos*; but even in that Interim, she fail'd not, by all means, to forward the Interest of her Passion: She was less reserv'd in Conversation, and free of her Wit, of which she had a strong Conceit; and by distant and ambiguous Hints, when out of hearing of *Clementina*, gave the Pr——e to understand, that she would think nothing too much to gain his good Esteem. *Don Carlos* was soon sensible of her Weakness, and was by no means averse to encouraging a Disposition in her, that might help to make the tedious Recovery of *Clementina* more tolerable to him.

It had been a constant Custom for *Clementina*, ever since they were in Quarters, to send *Teresa* with her Compliments every Morning to *Don Carlos*, and to give him an Account of her Health. For two or three Mornings past, there had always happen'd to be Company with him when *Teresa* came; but the P——e, on discovering that Lady's Disposition, took care to be alone, and that every Body should withdraw as soon as she appear'd; and in return of the Compliments made him in *Clementina*'s Name, he ask'd kindly after her Health; but soon drop'd that Subject, and turn'd the Conversation into Elogiums on *Teresa*'s Beauty, and what a charming Figure she made in that borrow'd Dress. Madam, said he, since you are capable of giving so much Delight in a Dress so little calculated to give Lustre to your native Charms, how dangerous

gerous would it be for us, were we to see you in your natural Shape, with all the Advantages of female Dress and Ornament: But it is in pity to our Weakness, that you condescend to wear a Mask over those Charms, which all must adore, were you pleas'd to unveil them. Your Highness, reply'd *Teresa*, blushing, certainly rallies me, since by this Dress we rather expose more of those Charms you speak of, than in our own; and perhaps as we are only tolerable in this Disguise, so in our female Accoutrements we might seem entirely disagreeable: And therefore it is in Charity to ourselves, that we dress in such manner, as may prevent your Aversion. That, reply'd Don *Carlos*, is a thing impossible to fall to the Lot of the fair *Teresa*: In whatever Shape she is pleas'd to appear, she must always charm and create the warmest Emotion in every Heart, that is the least sensible of the Force of Wit or Beauty. But how is it, *Teresa*, that you fancy you expose more of your Charms in that Disguise, than in your own natural Dress? Don't you consider that you conceal the delicate Arm, the well turn'd Neck, the snowy Bosom, and all the bewitching Allurements of that Paradise of Love. Who can see them heave at the Mention of the soft Passion, pant and beat time to the warm Dictates of a yielding Heart, without feeling himself in Raptures at the exquisite Sight, and ready to sink with the Extacy of sympathetic Love. Now all these, fair *Teresa*, you cautiously conceal: But there is one thing in this Dress which I like, namely, that we can approach nearer your Charms, than when you are entrench'd and barricaded with a  
 vast

vast Circumference of Petticoats and Whale-bone:  
 Yes, my Dear, said he, clasping her in his  
 Arms, there is a bewitching Pleasure in thus  
 folding a soft yielding Shape, and feeling, with-  
 out Interruption, the Throbbings of a Love-beat-  
 ing Heart. Then looking tenderly in her Face  
 for some time, he press'd her eagerly to his Bo-  
 som, and imprinted a thousand amorous Kisses  
 on her tempting Lips. A sudden Tremor seiz'd  
 the ravish'd Fair, and she sunk with kind Re-  
 luctance into an easy Chair that stood hard by,  
 and permitted the inflam'd Youth to unbutton her  
 panting Bosom, to press, with his wanton  
 Hand, her choicest Virgin Treasure; and would  
 have proceeded to full Fruition, had not they  
 heard some Noise on the great Stair-case, as if  
 some Persons of Distinction were coming up.  
 This wak'd them from their amorous Dalliance,  
 and *Teresia* had hardly time to adjust herself,  
 e'er Marshal *Saxe* enter'd the Chamber. *Teresia*  
 immediately withdrew, not a little pleas'd that  
 she had receiv'd so many Instances of the P—e's  
 Esteem; yet perhaps vex'd that they had been  
 hindered from proceeding farther in what they  
 both wish'd.

Don *Carlos*, in about an Hour after, paid a  
 Visit to *Clementina*, whom he found somewhat  
 worse than she had been for some Days past, at  
 which he express'd the greatest Concern: For  
 notwithstanding his Gallantry to *Teresia*, his Re-  
 gard for that wounded Fair was in no Measure  
 abated; and he found a Tenderness for her, quite  
 different from what he felt for her Companion.  
 A truly fond Esteem, mix'd with Love and Re-  
 spect, fill'd his Breast for his distress'd Amazon;  
 while

while a wanton Blaze only warm'd his Blood, without influencing his Mind, in favour of the amorous *Teresa*: And he fancied the Gratification of that Desire which he felt for her, no Infringment on his Tenderness for *Clementina*. He staid about an Hour, endeavouring, by his Presence and Conversation, to relieve the Anguish of the lovely Maid; and left her somewhat more compos'd than when he enter'd. As *Teresa* waited on him out of the Apartment, he whisper'd her to contrive some Means that he might see her without *Clementina*'s Knowledge, that he might communicate something to her, which only concern'd herself.

*Teresa* guess'd what he intended to communicate, and found in herself no Reluctance to hear whatever he might offer; therefore promis'd that she would see him after *Clementina* was dispos'd to Rest, in a Closet adjoining to her Bed-chamber; and she gave him the Key of a Door to it, which open'd into his Anti-chamber. The Hours betwixt that and Night pass'd on with leaden Pace, in the Imagination of the expecting Pair: But the important long-wish'd for Moment came at last, and they both repair'd to the wanton Rendezvous. Don *Carlos* was first there, but did not wait long before *Teresa* enter'd, loosely dress'd in a Woman's Morning Gown, and a thin Pettycoat, with her Hair carelessly bound behind with a Ribbon.

Don *Carlos* gaz'd upon her with some Surprise, and confess'd, that now she had convinc'd him that Dress of no kind added to her Charms, but rather shaded those native Beauties which no Man could see without Rapture: But,  
added

added he, I must confess, my charming *Teresa*, you appear to me more amiable in this Female Dishabille, than ever I saw you : Your natural Charms shine now in their full Lustre ; and at once please and captivate our Hearts and Understanding : For I must own to you, there are some Ideas so strongly connected with a masculine Dress, which not the strongest Passion can hinder from shocking our Delicacy, and chilling that Rapture which the real Person inspires under that Disguise. But now, my Dear, you are all soft, lovely, angelic Woman, and no Idea can intrude itself into the Soul, but what kindles Love, Admiration, and Extacy : But let us not lose Time, my Angel ; I have something to whisper in your Ear, which can only be understood yonder, pointing to a Field Bed in the Closet. She made some faint Denials, but at last comply'd so far, as to suffer herself to be gently pull'd to the Bed, where a Scene immediately ensued, better suppos'd than describ'd. The first Act being ended, they fell into a little amorous Chat, as they tumbled on the Bed, and which they continued for some time, with so little Precaution, that their speaking awaked the restless *Clementina*, whose Bed-chamber was only separated from the Closet by a thin Partition, against which the Head of the Bed stood, and not a Foot distant from the Bed in which she lay.

When that Lady wak'd, she was surpris'd to hear People whispering so near her, and could not imagine what it could be, since she fancied *Teresa* asleep, in an Appartment on the opposite side of the Room. She rais'd herself in Bed, and  
listen'd

listen'd some time, and thought she knew the Voice, and heard herself frequently mention'd : At last she plainly discover'd that *Teresia* was one of the Parties she heard, but who the other was, she could not yet conceive : She had an Inclination to call, but her Desire to hear more of their Discourse prevented her ; till all of a sudden the Whispers ceas'd, and a certain cracking of the Bed gave her to understand their Conversation was become warmer than could be express'd by Words. All this while she had not the least Idea of *Don Carlos's* being concern'd, for Jealousy had hitherto been a Stranger to her Breast : But at last she heard one of the amorous Whisperers press something in a louder Key, which discover'd to her the Voice of *Don Carlos* ; and immediately after she heard *Teresia* call him by his Name, and this so distinctly, as put it out of all Doubt that he was the present Object of that Lady's Closet Devotions. This Discovery flung *Clementina* into so prodigious an Agitation, that like one frantic, she had not Reason left to prevent a sudden and loud Exclamation from escaping her. " O Heaven ! cry'd she, " in a Tone that equally express'd both Grief " and Astonishment, could I have thought this " of *Don Carlos* and *Teresia* ? " She accompanied these Words with a most piercing Sigh, and instantly sunk down on the Bed in a Fit.

The amorous Couple could not but hear the exclamatory Out-cry of *Clementina*, and were but too well convinc'd that she had absolutely discover'd their Intrigue. However, as if their Minds had presaged that the Consequence might be fatal to the poor Lady, in her unhappy Condition, they

they burst into her Room, and found her speechless and insensible. They were oblig'd to permit her to remain for some Minutes in that manner, till they had both dress'd themselves in Character, that they might, without Prejudice to her Reputation, call in the Assistance of the Servants, who were all ignorant of the Circumstance of the Ladies, and believ'd them what they appear'd to be, young Gentlemen Volunteers. When they were about to call them in, *Clementina* came to herself, and prevented them: She immediately resolv'd to give her Passion a surprizing turn, and such as it was not in Nature to expect; fixing her Eyes upon Don Carlos, and bursting into Tears, she begg'd that his H——s would forgive her Curiosity, that had so impertinently scrutiniz'd into an Affair which he design'd to keep secret: For the Thoughts only of displeasing him, had thrown her into that Fit, out of which she thank'd God she was now recover'd; only to intreat his Pardon for so unseasonable an Interruption. My Soul, R—I Sir, said she, has presumed to express a Passion for you, but it is of such a Nature, as to cause no uneasy Emotions in it, on the Marks of Sensibility you express for others, or the Returns you are pleas'd to make to the yielding Fair: No, my P——e, as I see you all amiable, I wish the whole Sex would tune their Souls to the same ravish'd Sense of your matchless Perfection, which employs all my wondering Faculties; and that they would sacrifice all their Charms to fill up the Happiness of my lovely Hero. I have no Concern upon my Spirits on the Accident, but the Fear of having displeas'd you; and that my  
Friend

Friend was so unkind as not to make me her Confident, in a Passion which I should be so far from condemning, that I would have cherish'd it as of Kindred to that which warms my Breast.

Don *Carlos* and *Teresa* were at a Loss, before she began to speak, how to form their Countenances, or shake off the Confusion, which attended so unexpected a Discovery; and their Minds were busied how to keep Matters from a Rupture, which they were afraid would be one of the Consequences, at least, of *Clementina's* Knowledge of their amorous Correspondence: But when they heard that lovely Sufferer express herself with such Tenderness to both, and such a disinterested Passion for Don *Carlos*, they were still more at a Loss how to find a Reply for such generous Sentiments.

Don *Carlos*, more affected than ever with the generous Behaviour of the fair *Clementina*, heartily repented that he had gone such Lengths with *Teresa*, (for whom he did not find in himself, even after the greatest Sacrifice, any of that Tenderness he felt for her Rival) and reproach'd himself for not having manag'd that wanton Sally with more Prudence: For he judg'd, that however *Clementina's* good Sense and good Nature might gloss it over, yet still she must have so much of the Woman about her, as to feel many uneasy Moments on account of that Affair, which might endanger her Life. *Teresa* and he were both silent for some Moments, after *Clementina* left off speaking, each expecting the other would give a Turn to the Conversation; when at last Don *Carlos* asham'd to make no Reply.



Reply to so much Generosity, told the afflicted Fair, that he had more Reason to ask her Pardon, for being the Cause of giving her so much Uneasiness; and hop'd, that if she had still remaining the smallest Esteem for him, she would forget that Accident, and not allow it to dwell upon her Spirits, to the Prejudice of that Health which he held dearer than his own: And above all, Madam, added he, let me conjure you that no Coldness may appear between you and your Friend *Teresa*, who has been in a manner betray'd into a Circumstance which may disturb you, by the bad Use I have made of the Tenderness she has express'd for you on all Occasions. *Clementina* reply'd very kindly, and taking *Teresa* by the Hand, and gently pressing it to her Bosom, said, It should be so far from making any Breach in that Friendship which had hitherto happily subsisted between them, that it would be a new Bond of Amity: That she would esteem her more than ever, as she shar'd his Affection, and as they were both actuated by a Regard for him. The Conversation was too perplex'd to continue long: Don *Carlos*, pleas'd that Things seem'd in so calm a Situation, took his Leave for that Night, and return'd to his own Apartment.

When he was gone, *Clementina* gently chid *Teresa*, for not making her privy to her Affection for Don *Carlos*. But alas! *Teresa*, added she, you judg'd of me by the rest of Woman-kind: You thought I would have been jealous, and cross'd your Happiness; but your Passion does not interfere with mine: My Affection for

the lovely P——e has nothing in it that regards myself, or depends upon the Senses or Difference of Sex: Were I a Man, or some superior Being, of no Kindred to the human Species, yet my Love for that Hero would be the same: 'Tis his matchless Perfections that attract my my Soul; and these cannot be lessen'd, should all Mankind adore him, and all my Sex consent to crown his warmest Wishes with kind complying Love. I could see it, and glory in it, that I still could feast my ravish'd Soul with the pure Contemplation of those Perfections, that could diffuse Pleasure to all the World.

Forgive me, *Clementina*, reply'd *Teresa*, somewhat disconcerted at this platonic Harangue, if I have hitherto conceal'd my Passion for the matchless P——e: I judg'd of you as of myself; and once thought my Flame as pure as yours, and that my Soul was as little capable of Jealousy: But I find I am Woman still. I saw the P——e, you know, some time before you did; for, you may remember, it was my Description of his enchanting Form, which rais'd your Curiosity to see him. At first Sight, like yours, my Love catch'd the immortal Flame, which oblig'd me to make him my constant Subject of Discourse, when with you, or such as would have the Patience to listen to me. You and I, *Clementina*, went to *Fountainbleau*, where you saw and lov'd, and the same Night made me Mistress of the Secret: But I durst not exchange mine; I smother'd it, and had no other Relief to my tormented Soul, but in joining you in your continued Praises, and humouring you in a Passion so much allied to my own: For

at that time, the Pleasure I took in beholding him, was merely Mental, my Passion purely Platonic ; and therefore I felt no Jealousy on your Account, but fell willingly into your Scheme of following our Hero to the Campaign, thinking there I might still retain the immaculate Notions I had when at *Paris*. But, my dear *Clementina*, whether it was the Freedom of the Dress, and the Conversation which that led us into, or the nearer Access I have had to the charming P—e, especially since your Illness, I know not, but ever since, I have found myself gradually decline from that Purity of Sentiment with which I set out ; and at last, after many virtuous Efforts, to get the better of my Blood, I found it was in vain to pretend to be in Love with the Perfections, without some warm Thoughts about the Person. These intruded themselves so often upon my Imagination, that they spoil'd my platonic System ; and this Night gave Don *Carlos* Possession of what, I'm sure, he likes better than a Million of such spiritualiz'd Creatures as I once fancied myself to be. Now, my dear *Clementina*, I have told you, without reserve, the State of my Mind ; if you can keep to the platonic System you first set out with, we may still continue Friends, and contribute to each others Happyness, as the P—e's Mind is capacious enough to receive the Admiration of us both, and as you have so little Concern for its Apendage, the Body, which you may allow me to toy with, as a Creature less refin'd than you are, and who wants such Helps to keep up a Relish for the purer Joys of seraphic Tenderness.

Whatever were *Clementina's* real Sentiments on this Occasion, she seem'd to preserve her Temper with *Teresa*, and profess'd to her an unreserv'd Friendship. However, the same Night she beg'd of her to be her Bedfellow ; and from that time forward could never, with any Patience, permit that Lady to be out of her Sight, which was a sensible Embarrassment to *Teresa*, who wanted an Opportunity of renewing those Transports she experienc'd in the Closet. It's true, she saw *Don Carlos* every Day, who was as assiduous as ever in paying his Compliments to *Clementina* ; and fancied that she observ'd in his Looks and Actions an Air of Uneasiness, which she interpreted as owing to a Desire of having a second Opportunity of conversing in private with her : But *Clementina* seem'd so much upon the Watch, that nothing could be accomplish'd of that kind for several Days ; and the Return of the Court to *Versailles*, put all such Thoughts out of their Heads for some time longer. *Clementina* was still very weak, and her Physicians advis'd her to stay where she was, till her Cure was further advanc'd ; but she could not be prevail'd on, by any Arguments, to stay behind *Don Carlos*, whose Absence, but an Hour longer than usual, gave her the most sensible Pain ; so that, bad as she was, she and *Teresa*, in a Post Chaise, join'd his Retinue, and kept company till they came to *Paris*. But now the Ladies were oblig'd to observe different Measures from those they had hitherto follow'd ; for *Clementia* could no longer pass for her Brother, *M. de —*, who was himself at *Paris*, where he had return'd from the Country,

contrary

contrary to his Sister's Expectations, the Night after their Arrival in that City.

She was at Don *Carlos's* Hotel when she had, by meer Accident, an Account of her Brother's Arrival, and was oblig'd to change her Dress immediately, and go to a Relation of hers, where she was sure her Brother would soon call for her.

Tho' *Teresa* had no Brother to fear, nor any Relation to whom she stood accountable for her Conduct, and would willingly have risked all other Considerations, for the sake of conversing freely with her belov'd Don *Carlos*, yet she could find no modest Pretence for staying behind *Clementina*, and was heartily vex'd to think that this Incident should fall out, which seem'd to banish almost all Hopes of ever enjoying that Happiness which was now become the *Summum Bonum* of her Life.

When Don *Carlos* was made acquainted with the Ladies Design of leaving his House, he had likewise his Uneasiness: He was not quite fatigued with *Teresa*, whose Humour was very agreeable to him; and he found in himself an Inclination to have made the warmest Return to *Clementina's* Passion, as soon as her Health would have permitted Overtures of that kind, with any measure of Propriety: But now he saw he had lost his Opportunity with both; for he judg'd it would be very inconvenient for him to carry on a Correspondence with the Ladies, in their own proper Shapes, without injuring their Reputation, which he was most solicitously tender of: And as that at present seem'd to be in Danger, he consented to their going, even before they could concert any other Plan for their fu-

ture Correspondence, except by Letters. He parted with *Clementina* in Terms the most tender and affectionate, promis'd to write to her constantly, and assur'd her, that nothing could give him greater Satisfaction, than to hear of her perfect Recovery, and advis'd her, to continue the Surgeon she had hitherto us'd, lest the Surgeons of *Paris* should, from the Nature of the Wound, make some disagreeable Conjectures: Adding, that he knew the Man to be possess'd of so much Prudence and Secrecy, and so much attach'd to, as well as dependant on, him, that she needed not to make any Scruple of letting him know the Secret of her Sex, and by his Means perhaps some Way might be found out, that they might converse together without Censure; at least, by this Means a sure Method of Correspondence would be preserv'd.

*Clementina* was at first prodigiously averse to making the Surgeon privy to her Story, lest he should think of her in such Manner, as only the bare Thought of gave her the utmost Pain: However, both *Don Carlos* and *Teresa* represented to her, in such strong Terms, that she must employ some Man of the Profession, who on first Sight would discover the Wound to proceed from a Gun-shot, an Accident which rarely happens to Women, and for which she could assign no plausible Cause, without discovering the Truth, or leaving them to form the same harsh Conjectures which she dreaded from the Surgeon who had hitherto attended her, without suspecting, or at least seeming to suspect, her Sex; and as none of these were under the  
same

same Obligation of Secrecy which this Man was, she could not with such Safety trust them. These Arguments at last prevail'd on her to permit *Don Carlos* to open the Affair, and give the Surgeon such Cautions as he judg'd proper to conceal the Truth.

This being settled, the two Ladies took their Leave, and went to *Clementina's* Relation, whom they made believe, that *Clementina* had fallen from her Horse, and hurt her Ankle in such Manner, that it had confin'd her for some Weeks to her Bed; and that it was still in a bad Way, and would have been worse, from the bad Treatment of the Country Surgeons, had she not accidentally met with a Gentleman of the Profession, a Domestic of *Don Carlos*, who, in his Return from the Campaign, call'd at a Gentleman's House where she then was, and gave her proper Assistance, and was so kind as to promise a Continuance of his Attendance, as soon as the Pr——e came to *Paris*; and begg'd of her Relation to send to his Hotel, to know if he was come. The Servant went, and brought the Surgeon with him, who by this Time was acquainted with the Secret of his Patient, and had his Directions to manage so as to give no Suspicion to the Family where she then was, that there was any Mystery in the Affair.

*Clementina's* Brother visited her that Evening, and was under great Concern to find his Sister in so bad a Way. However, the Air of *Paris* which was native to her, and the eager Desire she had of seeing *Don Carlos*, which she could have no Hopes of while she kept her

Apartment, recovered her in a short Time to her wonted Health and Vigour, and she went in about a Month's Time after her coming to *Paris*, for the first Time to Court, in Company with *Teresa* and her Brother, where she was so happy as to see *Don Carlos*, whose Presence, renew'd in her Breast still stronger Emotions of the most violent Passion. *Don Carlos* saw her, but did not think it prudent to pay his Complements to her as she was in Company with her Brother, to whom he was not known any otherways than by Report ; but by his Looks he plainly convinc'd her, that the Sight of her gave him great Pleasure, the Sense of which diffus'd such Joy in *Clementina's* Countenance, that she never appear'd so charming as at that Instant. Her Brother supposing her ignorant of the Quality of *Don Carlos*, for he was Incognito, and pass'd for an *Italian* Count, pointed him out to her, and said a great many Things in his Praise which he had learn'd by Report of such as had the Happiness of that Pr—e's Acquaintance, and express'd an eager Desire to be personally known to him. This was what *Clementina* wish'd for, as it might contribute to bring about a personal Interview, which she mightily long'd for, and she was revolving in her Mind, how that Acquaintance might be brought to pass, when she saw *Don Carlos*, enter into Conversation with the Princess of *F——nt*, a Lady to whom both she and her Brother were very well known. *Clementina* thought this an Opportunity not to be neglected, and whispering her Brother to follow her, she went as if to the other End of the Room, and  
in



in passing by the Princess, she made her Compliments to that Lady, who congratulated her on the Recovery of her Health, and her Brother on his Arrival at *Paris*; for she had not seen him tell now; then turning to Don *Carlos*, who was still by her, told his Highness, that the Father of that young Lady and Gentleman, were steady Friends to his Family, and had suffer'd much on that Account, which gave his Children some Claim to his Countenance, abstracting from their own Merit, which of itself would, when known, be sufficient Recommendation to his Esteem. Don *Carlos* bow'd politely to *Clementina*, and her Brother, and thank'd the Princess for making him acquainted with two Persons, who at first Sight he found himself much inclin'd to esteem on their own Account, and not the less, that her Highness was pleas'd to inform him of the Obligations his Family were under to their Father. *Clementina* and Don *Carlos* enter'd into a little Chat, but so as if they had never seen one another before, and he took such particular Notice of her, that the Ladies of the Court, who were no less sensible than she of the irresistible Charms of the young Hero, began to look upon her with no little Envy. At last, he was oblig'd to part with her, by the coming up of some of the Courtiers, who entertain'd him with a Conversation, which, tho' of more Weight, was not half so agreeable as that he had with the charming *Clementina*.

The next Day, Monsieur her Brother waited on Don *Carlos* at his Levee, and was received with great Marks of Esteem, and from that  
Time

Time an Intimacy commenc'd, which gave them both Satisfaction, the one as being honour'd by the Countenance of a Person of that Rank, and the other, as imagining that hereby, some how or other, it might be of Use to the Designs he had upon *Clementina*.

*Clementina's* Brother, had now taken Apartments in the same House with his Sister, and in a few Days, Don *Carlos* paid him a Visit, and there had the Pleasure of conversing with *Clementina*, without giving the Brother the least room for suspecting that the Visit was chiefly intended for her. But still this was but general Conversation, which tho' it seem'd to satisfy *Clementina*, yet did not yield that Satisfaction to her Lover, which he now vehemently long'd for. On the Contrary, the oftener he saw her, which was almost every Day, either at her own Apartment, the Court, or the Princess of T——s, where she frequently visited, he grew more and more impatient to gratify his Wishes, but knew not how to accomplish them, and keep up at the same Time a due Regard to the Lady's Reputation and his own Dignity. But at last, Chance gave him some faint Hopes, when he had almost despair'd of Success; for passing \*\*\* Street, one Day in his Coach, he saw *Clementina*, *Teresa*, and her Brother coming out of a Milliner's, whom he knew, on a former Occasion, not to be very scrupulous in assisting the Distress'd; from that Moment he resolv'd to make Use of her to forward his Suit to *Clementina*, but to conduct it in such Manner as that this Lady should not know any Thing of his making any Application to her.

He

He had no sooner got Home, than he sent for the Milliner, of whom he ask'd some Questions relating to the Ladies he saw come out of her Shop. This Woman, soon guess'd what he aim'd at, and told him all she knew of *Clementina*; and not to detain the Reader long with the Particulars of their Conversation, let it suffice, that she promis'd, next Afternoon, to find an Excuse for *Clementina's* being at her House alone, and unattended, when he should have what Opportunity he pleas'd to converse with her.

Next Morning this obliging Lady waited on *Clementina*, and told her, that in the Afternoon, a noted Fortune-Teller was to be at her House, who had surpriz'd every Body by her Skill, that had consulted her. *Clementina*, like most Women, was curious to know more of such a Personage, and propos'd that she and *Teresa* should go there that Evening; but Madam told her, that she had a particular Whim, that she never would predict to more than one Person at once, and chose always to do it in great Secrecy, as being one who conceal'd her Skill from all but those of the first Quality. *Clementina* fell into the Snare, promis'd to be there alone, and came punctually at the Time, but was much surpriz'd to find no Fortune-Teller there when she came: However, Madam, the Milliner, convey'd her to a private Apartment, where she said the wise Woman would soon be with her; begg'd her Patience for some Moments, went out of the Room, and return'd in a little Time, ushering in *Don Carlos*, whom she introduced to the  
Lady

Lady as one who wanted to have his Fortune determin'd as much as she. *Clementina* blush'd to see herself so imposed upon, for she immediately concluded, that this was a concerted Thing: However, on the Milliner's leaving the Room, which she did instantly, she could not help discovering a Satisfaction in her Countenance at the Sight of her much lov'd Pr—e. And, tho' her Reason and Prudence suggested to her, that she ought to chide him, yet she had not Power so much as to counterfeit a Frown. He approach'd her with great Respect, and after saluting her, told her, that Mademoiselle \*\*\*\* had rightly hit upon his Case, for he really wanted to have his Fate determin'd; I have Mademoiselle, added he, waited with great Impatience for your Recovery, that I might inform you, with what Pain I have languish'd out the tedious Hours since our first happy Acquaintance, without an Opportunity of telling you how much you have made me your Slave, and how unhappy I must be if you don't vouchsafe to heal that Wound you have made in my Heart. My Eyes, my Looks and Actions, my charmer, have sure long since told you how much I love, till now I never could find Words to express the ardent Flame. Speak *Clementina*, may I hope for a Return, or must I forever Despair? Alas! R—l Sir, replied she, you condescend too much in suing to me; you know, my Pr——e I love you, and that with uncommon Ardour, and if that Love can make you in any respect happy, I shall esteem myself forever blest'd.

Yet

Yes my Adorable, said Don *Carlos*, it can make me greatly happy, for sure no Man, added he, (clasping her in his Arms) encircling such a Treasure, can dream of Wretchedness. No! on this dear Bosom I can lull the loud Alarms of noisy Ambition, and, possess'd of this lovely Person, forget Crowns and Scepters, or look on them as Trifles beneath my Care. Transported for some Moments with his eager Raptures, she permitted his Embrace, and return'd it with equal Extacy ; but as he seem'd enclinable to use some Freedoms, not quite so consistent with strict Decency, she struggled from his Arms, and assum'd a Severity in her Countenance, which perswaded the Pr—e he had gone too far at the first On-set. Hold Sir, added she, in a resolute Tone, I have confess'd all my Soul to you, and could wish you to see it without Disguise : Then Sir, you would be convinc'd, that there is not a Thought harbour'd in my Breast, that can encourage such Liberties. No Sir, I love you, but its with a chaste and sacred Flame, unfullied with sensual Desires ; if that Sir can content you, enjoy it ; 'tis the better Part of me ; but if you persist in your Purpose of debasing it, tho' at the same Time I become miserable for Life, yet I'll banish myself your Sight for ever. Tho' Don *Carlos* had no great Opinion of her refin'd Notions of Platonic Love, yet he was oblig'd to chime in with her Sentiments, in Order to appease her, hoping he might some other Time find her in a Disposition when Body and Soul were not at such Variance, and she might be inclinable

to share some of these divine Raptures in a Manner less spiritualiz'd. It was some Time before she was quite calm, or before he could persuade her that he had no Designs upon her Virtue. But at last they came to pretty good Terms, and she indulg'd him in all the innocent Freedoms he could wish, with which he was oblig'd for that Time to be contented, flattering himself that those Dalliances often repeated, might by Degrees mix some carnal Alloy with her seraphic Flame. They parted for that Time, and made an Affignation in the same Place for several Days following. Every Time made the Pr—e more familiar, and the Nymph less coy, and admitted him to Liberties greater than those that set her in such a Passion the first Night, and at last gave him full Possession of all he wish'd. For its in vain to pretend to stifle our natural Appetites, without keeping a strict Guard upon the Senses, and avoiding all such Temptations as may set the Passions afloat. Reason and Virtue may teach us many refin'd Notions, and a plausible Theory make us believe that we are capable of resisting every Thing that has the Appearance of Vice, while it's at a Distance, but we cannot divest ourselves of our Nature, which will operate in spite of all our boasted Resolution, and let the Blood get the better of the Spirit, if it is permitted to be over and above familiar with such Objects as are apt to set it in Agitation. This was the Case of *Clementina* ; she had as high and romantic Notions of Honour as any Woman, and was happy in a cold Constitution, and on that presum'd, that she might permit her Fancy

to roam as often as it pleas'd upon the warmest Objects of Sense, without any Danger of undermining her Principles of Honour and Chastity.

Before the Battle of *Fontenoy*, her Disguise, and the few Opportunities she had of conversing privately with her beloved *Don Carlos*, kept up her delusive Dream, and her Indisposition, during her Confinement by her Wound, help'd to cool any inordinate Efforts of the Blood, and kept her in that cold frigid State in which she first set out. But when Health return'd, and with it a less reserv'd Intimacy with the dear Object of her Passion, Woman grew upon her by Degrees, the rigid Rules of Virtue receded by little and little, without her perceiving the Change, and in one unguarded Moment, Nature, and the all-powerful Attacks of *Don Carlos*, destroy'd the whole Fabric of her platonic System, brought her down from the seraphic Raptures she had so long indulg'd herself in, and gave her a Taste of that Love which we find among frail Mortals.

Some Evenings the amorous Pr—e spent only in wanton Dalliances, keeping aloof from every Thing that might rouse those watchful Dragons, female Pride and Virtue; and found that he daily gain'd ground. At last, one Evening, having said every Thing that could move the soft Passion, and inforc'd them by every Action that could stimulate the Blood, he found the fond Nymph melting with amorous Transport in his Arms: He seiz'd the critical Minute, and found but small Resistance. She murmur'd a Complaint, but could not severely rebuke him;

in a Word, she found the Crime so sweet, that she permitted a Repetition of it, and at last confess'd, that sometimes the Senses can afford Joys too powerful to be resisted.

For some Weeks they kept their Rendezvous at the obliging Milliner's, and both Parties seem'd pleas'd with the State of Things; but they were not permitted to enjoy this Tranquility long, for *Teresa*, who languish'd for the same Happiness, grew jealous that her Friend went out so often without acquainting her where she spent so much of her Time, or permitting her to go along with her as had been formerly her Custom, and at last began to fancy that something mysterious must be at the Bottom of such frequent Visits alone, without Servants or Equipage.

Jealousy had no sooner enter'd her Head, than she determin'd to try all Means to satisfy her Suspicion, and for that Purpose, the next Time *Clementina* went out in that Manner, she put on a Masque, follow'd her at a Distance, saw her go into the Milliner's, and a little after perceiv'd a Gentleman stop at the Door in a Hackney Chair. She drew as near as possibly she could, without being discover'd, to discern who this could be, for she concluded it for certain an Assignment. The Gentleman stepp'd quickly out, but so muffled in his Cloak, that she could not see who he was, tho' by his Air and Stature she fancied it to be *Don Carlos*. On this Surmise only, without further Confirmation, she rag'd like a mad Woman, loading both *Don Carlos* and *Clementina*, in her own Mind, with all the oprobrious Epithets she could think of; and

was



was once determin'd to go into the House and expose them both, but recollecting herself, and reflecting on the Quality of *Don Carlos*, and that of her Companion, and how much her own Reputation would suffer by such an Affair, she drop'd that Project, and entertain'd one more suitable to her Revenge. She now remember'd that she had left Monsieur de \*\*\*, *Clementina's* Brother, at Home in his Apartment. To him she immediately posts, and putting on an Air of the greatest Grief and Concern, told him, that she had observ'd something of late, in Regard to his Sister, which very much alarm'd her, and as nothing was dearer to her than the Honour of their Family (for she was their Relation by the Mother's Side) she could no longer hide her Suspicions, from a Brother, whose Duty it was to protect his Name from Infamy.

Monsieur de \*\*\*, was highly agitated with this interesting Preamble, and conjur'd her to keep him no longer in Suspence, but acquaint him with what seem'd so much to Concern his Honour, and that of his Family, which he hop'd he should have always Courage enough either to defend or Revenge.

She begg'd of him to be calm, and arm himself with Temper and Resolution, for a Man in a Passion was capable of nothing, and told him, that for some Weeks past, she had seen *Clementina* frequently receive Letters, and write Answers, which she took great Pains to conceal; and found her at some Times under much Anxiety, and depresso of Spirit, and that of late, she had gone out every Evening, almost at

the same Hours, on Foot, without any attendant, and return'd sometimes very late at Night, in the same unguarded Manner. That she observed this with great Concern, as it was not probable that a Lady of her Rank, would, without some very extraordinary Reason, expose herself in the Streets of *Paris*, to the Insults of every Russian: And added, that She had endeavour'd, from the ties of Friendship, as well as Kindred, to be let into the Secret of these private Rambles, tho' to no Purpose; but this Afternoon, resolv'd, at any Rate, to know the Truth, I follow'd her at a Distance, in a Masque, saw her go to Madam \*\*\*'s, the Milliner; and a little after, saw a Gentleman, muffled up in a Cloak, step nimbly out of a Chair, and go into the same House. This Sir, gives me a Suspicion, that there is some Mystry at the Bottom of these Visits, which it is your Duty to enquire into.

Monseigneur De ———, wound up to the highest Pitch of Resentment against his Sister, by the malicious Insinuation of her false Friend, determin'd immediately to wait near the Milliner's, to see if possibly he could find out, who the Rival of his Sister's Honour was; for he made no Doubt of her Guilt. *Teresa* was glad to find him in that Disposition, and urg'd him to be Speedy, lest they should be gone before he came. He went, but had so much Caution in his Rage, as to take none of his Servants with him, for Fear of endangering his Sister's Reputation, beyond Redemption. He had not been posted above ten Minutes, at a convenient Place, where he could see every Person who pass'd and repass'd out of the Milliner's, when he saw *Clementina*

*mentina* come out, handed by a Gentleman, whom he immediately suspected to be *Don Carlos*. The Presence of a P—ce, whom he look'd upon with Veneration, both on account of his Personal Merit, and as the eldest Son of \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*, put a Stop to the first Emotions of his Rage; he suffer'd them to pass by him, to a Coach which stood at the End of the Street, and saw his Sister go into it by herself, and *Don Carlos* turn down another Street, at the End of which stood his Equipage. Monsieur, in an Instant, revolv'd in his own Mind what he ow'd to the P—ce, and what to the Honour of his Family, which he now thought he saw blasted beyond all Redemption; and in the wild Agitation into which that Thought threw him, he made up to *Don Carlos*, and, in a very haughty Tone, bid him Draw. It was almost quite Dark, and only possible to distinguish Objects by the help of the neighbouring Lamps, which hinder'd *Don Carlos* from perceiving who the Person who thus rudely accosted him was; nor could he know his Mistress's Brother, by his Voice, as the Passion in which he express'd himself, quite chang'd its natural Tone. However, he immediately put himself in a Posture of Defence, and in great Composure ask'd the Person, what Frenzy possess'd him, to offer at such Violence in such a Place, and at such a Time of Night? for added he, if Honour and Courage have any Thing to do in the Affair; you would not choose Darkness to decide it in, and act so much like a Russian. The Word Russian, heightned Monsieur's Choler, and he only answer'd with a full Pass

at Don *Carlos*, which he happily parry'd, and return'd a Thrust, that wounded his Antagonist slightly in the Sword-Arm; but sufficient to disable him from pursuing his Revenge. The clashing of Swords, alarm'd some People in the Neighbourhood, who rais'd a terrible Out-Cry; on which, Monsieur retir'd by the same Way he came; and Don *Carlos*, not caring to be seen, suffer'd him to go unmolested, and pass'd on to his Equipage, which waited for him at the other End of the Street.

When he had got into his Coach, he had Time to reflect on the Danger he had escap'd; and was much puzzled to guess who the Person was, who had assaulted him. His first Conjecture led him to think of an Intention to assassinate him by some of his Enemies; but the Manner in which he was stop'd, and that the Person allow'd him Time to draw, remov'd that Doubt; as it was improbable to suppose that an Assassin would have given him such a Chance for his Life. He rather judg'd, that some Person had mistaken him for another, between whom there was some Affair of Honour; and was glad that no more Mischiefs had happen'd; but resolv'd, for the Future, to conduct his Amours so as not to expose his Person to such Insults; but all this while, he never once dream'd that *Clementina* was in the least interested in this Accident; but that unhappy Lady was not long Ignorant of the Malice of her Fate.

She got Home some Time before her Brother, and was met by the faithless *Teresa*, with all the Marks of Tendernefs and Affection, without the smallest Intimation, by any Alteration in her Behaviour,

haviour, of the Treachery she had already put in Practice, against her unsuspecting Friend: But *Clementina* found herself suddenly seiz'd with an uncommon Depression of Spirits. She had parted with her beloved *Don Carlos*, in the greatest Gaiety of Temper, and thought the Hours she had spent with him that Evening, more delightful than any of the preceding. She had made an Appointment to meet him at the same Place the next Night, and had her Imagination fill'd with nothing but the reciprocal Joys of an unfeigned mutual Passion; but suddenly a profound Melancholy seiz'd her, and an unaccountable Degree of Anxiety possess'd her whole Mind, without her being able to perceive the Cause of this sudden Change.

*Teresa* saw her Uneasiness, nor did the open-hearted *Clementina*, endeavour to conceal her present Emotions. She told her false Friend, that she found herself all over in a Tremble; that an inconceivable Heaviness hung on her Mind, which she was afraid foreboded some impending Misfortune. *Teresa* endeavour'd to comfort her, alledging that it was only a Fit of the Spleen, or Vapours; and desir'd her not to cherish such idle Notions, nor believe, that the human Mind could have the least fore-knowledge of casual Good or Evil; telling her at the same Time, if *Don Carlos* was present, he could dispell all these gloomy Apprehensions, and restore her by one Look, more effectually than Hartshorn, or Affætida. But that dear Name, which used to turn her Spirits into a perfect Harmony, and diffuse ravishing Joy over her whole Frame, now only encreased her inward Melan-

choly, and rais'd in her Breast, such an additional Load of unutterable Grief, that if she had not given Vent to it, by a Flood of Tears, she had sunk under the weight of the unaccountable Depression. *Teresa*, now judg'd, that her malicious Plot had taken Effect, and, that it was chiefly her Amour which gave *Clementina* such Anguish. She was greatly pleas'd with this Thought, and long'd to get away, that she might, without Restraint, indulge herself in the invidious Pleasure she took in disturbing the Tranquility of our Lovers; and *Clementina*, still more and more oppress'd with Grief, and willing to be alone, without Reluctance permitted her to retire.

*Clementina* had been alone but a few Minutes, when she heard her Brother come in, and ask for his Sister and *Teresa*. The Servant told him, they were each in their Apartment; on which he went immediately up to *Teresa*, told her what had happen'd, and desired to consult with her, what was proper to be done, both to put an End to the Correspondence between his Sister and Don Carlos, and to conceal his having made the Discovery, lest the Affair of the Re-encounter might be charg'd upon him; which would not fail of being reveng'd, both by the Court, and the more particular Partizans of the young Prince.

*Teresa* at once fell in with his Sentiments, observing, that it was not only proper to keep the Discovery from Don Carlos, but even from *Clementina* herself, who, if let into the Secret, would certainly find Means to communicate it to her Lover; and, as Women's Inventions are quicker

quicker by much than the Men's, especially if Malice and Revenge stand Prompters, *Teresa* soon fix'd on a Plan to execute their intended Purpose of separating the Lovers, and concealing the real Cause. She told Monsieur, that he knew his Cousin Madamoiselle *Cleora*, now a Noviciate in the Monastery of \* \* \* \* at *Rheims*, was a particular Intimate of *Clementina*'s, and one, added she, whom I have heard her often say, that next to you, she esteem'd above all Persons living. Now, suppose we instantly frame a Letter from your Aunt, who is a profess'd Nun in the same Monastery, that *Cleora* her Cousin, is in the utmost Danger of her Life, and of all Things, desires the Pleasure of seeing her dear Friend *Clementina*, before she dies. I am convinc'd, she will make no Scruple of immediately setting out; and you may, for her Security, go along with her; and when you have by that Stratagem, got her suddenly out of *Paris*, you may either carry her there, or to any other Monastery, where you can leave such Instructions, as may render it impossible for her to give any Account of her Retreat to *Don Carlos*.

Monsieur De ——— was perfectly pleas'd with *Teresa*'s Scheme; and, in Consequence of it, a Letter was immediately devis'd, which, *Teresa* was desir'd carry to *Clementina*, her Brother declining as yet to see her, fearing his Resentment, on Sight of her, might break out into some Indecency, which might give her a Suspicion of their real Design.

*Teresa* found that Lady much in the same Disposition she had left her, and told her, on entering, with all the Air of real Grief and Con-

cern she could possibly assume, that she was sorry to find, that her ominous Prefage had been but too true; for added she, here my dear *Clementina*, is a Letter, Monsieur your Brother just now receiv'd from your Aunt, acquainting him with the dangerous Situation of your Cousin, Madamoiselle *Cleora*, who desires to see you before she departs this World, which she seems to expect every Hour to do! Your Brother, who is going out with the Gentleman who brought the Letter, desir'd me to carry you this ungrateful News, and to acquaint you, that if you intend to gratify the Desire of your Friend, he will order the Coach to be got ready by five o'Clock to morrow Morning, and accompany you himself to *Rheims*.

*Clementina*, who truly lov'd that Lady, and had a Soul capable of the most exalted Friendship, was thoroughly and unfeignedly affected with the Danger she suppos'd her in; and now, that her Grief had some visible Motive to excite it, she gave a loose to the most violent Expressions of Sorrow. *Teresa* allow'd her to spend her Spirits for some Time, in bewailing her Friend, being inwardly pleas'd that her Bait took so well; for now she hop'd to enjoy the adorable *Don Carlos*, without so potent a Rival. At last she press'd her to come to a Resolution whether she would go or not, that every Thing might be put in Order for the Journey. *Clementina* told her, that nothing could be more consistent with her Disposition, than to pay the last Duties to so dear a Friend; and, that she would not sleep that Night, but employ the Remainder of it, in preparing for her Departure, the Moment



ment her Brother should be ready. *Teresa* went out of the Room with this Answer, to Monsieur De —, who waited impatiently for it, and immediately return'd to *Clementina*, to offer her officious Help in making the necessary Preparations. *Clementina*, gave her Maid Instructions to pack up what Cloaths, and other Necessaries she intended to take with her ; and, in an Hour or two, every Thing was in great forwardness ; and *Clementina*, quite exausted with poignant Sorrow, had now Time to rest herself, and make some Reflections ; when, by Accident, in turning over a little Box which stood before her, she cast her Eyes on some Letters, she had receiv'd from Don *Carlos*, which brought back the dear Idea of that Pr — e, and put her in Mind, that by this Journey, she should be deny'd the Pleasure, for some Time, of his charming Conversation ; and, perhaps, give him many Moments of Uneasiness, by disappointing the Affignation she had made with him, for the ensuing Evening. This Reflection gave her infinite, and inexpressible Pain ; especially, since she had No-Body about her whom she could trust with a Letter ; for their Correspondence had been hitherto manag'd without the Interposition of any other Person than the Milliner and the Surgeon, neither of whom she had now an Opportunity of Seeing ; and she knew *Teresa* was herself too much engag'd there, to be trusted with a Secret of that Nature ; but, that perfidious Woman, rightly conjecturing her Thoughts, by the fresh Perplexity she was in, and some Tears she saw trickle down her Cheeks, on looking attentive-

ly

ly over those Letters, said to her, I guess, *Clementina*, tho' you endeavour to conceal it from me, that part of your present Uneasiness, proceeds from your being separated for some Time, from the amiable *Don Carlos*; and perhaps, that you cannot acquaint him with your present Journey; but my dear, whatever Reasons I may have for being angry with you for keeping more upon the Reserve with me in that Affair than you did at first, yet, I am willing to serve you still, in any Thing that concerns your Peace of Mind. I have kept all your Secrets hitherto, and therefore, can see no Reason why you should not make me still your Confidant, especially, when it is, as I presume, the only Method you have left, to give yourself that Satisfaction, which, from what my own Mind would suggest to me on the like occasion, I know you want.

*Clementina*, tho' unwilling to trust her, being earnestly desirous to acquaint *Don Carlos* with the Cause of her not being able to keep the Appointment, got the better of her Scruples, and wrote him the following Letter; which she entrusted the Delivery of, to *Teresia*.

To the P—ce *Don Carlos*.

“ I Have only Time to acquaint you, that an  
 “ unexpected Accident, the Particulars of  
 “ which the Bearer will inform you of, disap-  
 “ points me of the Pleasure of seeing you for  
 “ some Days; but wherever I am, or whatever  
 “ happens to me, be assur'd, that my only Sa-  
 “ tisfaction, will be my Reflections on the  
 “ Happiness

“ Happiness I enjoy, while I have reason to flatter myself that I possess some share of your  
 “ Esteem. I feel, my adorable Pr—e, a mortal Heaviness upon my Spirits, when I but  
 “ think of bidding you *adieu*, tho’ but for a  
 “ few Days; but good *God!* what Pangs must  
 “ I feel, when *for Ever* must be added to the  
 “ Word? Sure Mortality could not bear it; since  
 “ so short, so momentary a Separation, gives  
 “ such torturing Anguish! But where will my  
 “ fond Heart lead me? I purpos’d to write but  
 “ a Line or two, yet a Volume would not suffice  
 “ to express all the tender Emotions of my Soul;  
 “ therefore, I must only add, that I am,

R——l Sir,

Your *Clementina*.

This Letter was given to *Teresa*, who promis’d to take an Opportunity of delivering it that Day: but she had no such Intention: For, when every Thing was in readiness for *Clementina*’s Departure, she went to her Brother, and delivered him the Letter; who now made no Doubt but that his Sister had sacrific’d every Thing to her Passion; and scarce could be prevailed on to refrain from upbraiding her with it that Instant; but *Teresa* advis’d him to keep his Temper, till he had her out of *Paris*, and quite beyond the Pr—e’s reach; who, no Doubt, would endeavour to rescue her out of his Hands, and retaliate the Attempt upon his Life (which, then would probably come out) with severe Vengeance. These Considerations kept him within  
decent

decent Bounds, and, oblig'd him to affect an air of Complaisance to his unhappy Sister; though his Heart inwardly boil'd over with the warmest Resentment, for the Dishonour she had brought upon herself, and her Family.

About Five o'Clock in the Morning, the Coach was ready, and *Clementina*, with her Brother, set out for *Rheims*, attended by several Servants; but instead of proceeding for that Place, they took a quite different Rout, which *Clementina* knew nothing of, being an entire Stranger to the Road she suppos'd they were going. During all that Day, her Brother pretended to be out of Order, to conceal the inward Uneasiness of his Mind, and excuse his Treatment of his Sister, which was very different from his usual Behaviour. Towards Evening they put up an Inn in a Village within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*; they immediately supp'd, and Monsieur, under Colour of his pretended Indisposition, retir'd, as if to his Chamber, and *Clementina* and her Maid went to Rest, tho' she slept but little all Night: her beloved *Don Carlos* was still present to her Mind, and she could not help suggesting to herself, that perhaps she might never see him more: The very bare Supposition of which, though without the least Probability, as she then imagin'd, threw her into the most tormenting Agony.

But next Morning she found more Reason for her Sorrow, when what she thought only the timorous Suggestion of a too fond Passion, appear'd cloath'd in absolute Certainty, and the airy Visions of ravishing Pleasure, which she pictur'd

pictur'd to herself with her adorable Pr—e,  
 were converted into the rigid Discipline of a  
 religious House, where she had no Friend to  
 condole her Misfortune, or the smallest Pros-  
 pect of Relief, from the continual Domineer-  
 ings of a surly Abbess, and the Malice and  
 Deceit of the Sisterhood, in that Nursery  
 of Ill-nature and Hypocrisy; for early next  
 Morning, when she was but just dress'd,  
 her Brother enter'd her Chamber, and told her,  
 that there was a Lady who was Abbess of a  
 Nunnery, in that Neighbourhood, and a Relation  
 of his Mother's, whom he propos'd that they  
 should compliment with a Visit, and Breakfast  
 with her. *Clementina* had no Exception to this,  
 and immediately went with him to the Nunnery,  
 which was not two Hundred Yards from the Inn.

The Abbess receiv'd *Clementina* with great  
 Politeness, and seeming Affection. They break-  
 fasted together in the Parlour, without mention-  
 ing any Thing that might give *Clementina* the  
 least Hint of their Design; but when the young  
 Lady express'd some Impatience to be going  
 forward on her Journey, the Abbess told her,  
 that she would not part with her till she had  
 shew'd her the Nunnery, especially the Gar-  
 dens, which were esteem'd the best in that  
 Country, perswading herself, that her Brother,  
 whose Sex deny'd him that Indulgence, would  
 find himself well enough diverted till their Re-  
 turn, by the Conversation of the Sister at the  
 Grate. *Clementina* comply'd, and enter'd the  
 Enclosure, and the Minute her Back was  
 turn'd, her Brother left the Nunnery, and step-  
 ing

ing into his Coach, which waited at the Gate, he return'd with all Speed to *Paris*.

The Lady Abbess carried *Clementina* into the Oratory of the Nunnery, shewed her the Dormitory, and principle Apartments; and last of all, took a Walk round the Gardens, which were very neat, and *Clementina* seem'd mightily pleas'd with every Thing she saw. As they were returning to the House, the Abbess, in passing a Summer House, desir'd *Clementina* to step in, and look at the Painting on the Ceiling, which was esteem'd a Curiosity by the best Judges. They went both in, and *Clementina* was busied in admiring the Beauty of the Painting, when the Abbess presented her with a packet of Letters, without speaking a Word. *Clementina* no sooner look'd on the Address, then she knew her Brother's Hand, and in one Instant she fancied all the Unhappiness she afterwards experienc'd, which rais'd such a Tumult in her Soul, that she stood for some Time Motionless as a Statue. At last she came a little to herself, and with a beating Heart, and trembling Hand, open'd her Brother's Packet, which contain'd the Letter she had writ the Night before to *Don Carlos*, and what follows, from himself.

To *Clementina* De \*\*\*\*\*.

“ **W** H E N you peruse the enclos'd Epistle, you will perceive, that I am  
 “ not Ignorant of the rest of your most  
 “ secret Transactions, and may imagine the  
 Resent-

“ Resentment of a Brother, jealous of the till  
 “ now unsullied Honour of his House, and what  
 “ you ought to expect from my Revenge, which  
 “ out of Regard to myself, and not to a Thing  
 “ so much lost to all Sense of Virtue as thou art,  
 “ I have stifled, and only placed you where you  
 “ will receive this, to free you from any further  
 “ Connexion with your Seducer, and give you  
 “ Time to reflect on the Scandal you have  
 “ brought upon your Family, and if possible,  
 “ bring you to a hearty Repentance.”

I am,

*Your Brother,*

J ——— De ———

*Clementina's* Anguish, on reading this Letter, and reflecting on the Treachery of *Teresa*, by whose Means she rightly judg'd she had been betray'd, may better be imagin'd than express'd. The Abbess permitted her to waste the first Gust of her Passion without Interruption, but when her exhausted Spirits produced an outward Calm, she attempted to say something to alleviate her Sorrow, but with so little Delicacy, or Tendernefs, that she gave her fresh Cause of Uneasiness, since she saw by this Sample, she had fallen into Hands who endeavour'd rather to aggravate her Misery, by their uncharitable Reproaches, than mitigate it by mild Treatment. However, she was oblig'd to submit, for the Present, to the Malice of her Fate, having

no Comfort left, but the bemoaning her Misfortunes in secret: and that she might immediately have that melancholy Pleasure, she begg'd of the Abbess, that, since she was now under her Direction, she would permit her to retire to an Apartment, that she might be able to recover her Spirits, and assume a Behaviour suitable to the present Change of her Circumstances. The Abbess hereupon left her, and order'd one of the Lay-Sisters to conduct *Clementina* to a Cell allotted for her, where we must leave her for some Time, and return to *Paris*, to see what Impression the Loss of his Mistress made on the amorous *Don Carlos*.

The Evening after *Clementina* left *Paris*, he went to the Place where he had been so often happy with that Lady. The appointed Hour came, but no *Clementina* appear'd; he waited there for near two Hours, with great Impatience, and at last concluding that something more than ordinary was the Matter with her, especially as he then recollected that he had not seen her Brother at his Levee that Morning, as usual. Anxious about her Health, or whatever might be the Cause, he resolv'd to call immediately at their House, to satisfy himself, and be relieved from the Perplexity the Disappointment gave him. He went in the same Disguise he was at that Time in, and was much surpriz'd when the Porter told him that *Clementina* and her Brother were gone that Morning out of Town, and would not return for some Time. He wonder'd at this sudden Journey, without any previous Notice from either of them, and concluded that it contain'd  
some



some Mystery, and therefore enquir'd for *Teresa*, to whom he was immediately introduc'd ; for that Lady conjectur'd that the Pr—e, on missing *Clementina* at the usual Hour, might possibly call there, and accordingly, thinking that a good Opportunity for her own Purpose, she staid at Home to receive him. She had dress'd herself in the most agreeable Dishabille she could contrive, and set off every Charm she thought she was Mistress of, to the greatest Advantage; and on Don *Carlos*'s Approach, the Pleasure resulting from the Thoughts that her Plot against *Clementina* had so well succeeded, and of her being now alone, and without a Rival, with the most charming Pr—e on Earth, diffus'd such a Glow of Satisfaction o'er her Countenance, that she appear'd more amiable than ever Don *Carlos* had thought her before, and took his Attention so much, that for some Moments he forgot the Purpose of his Visit, and the lovely *Clementina* ; and could not help paying *Teresa* some Compliments, which she returned with an equal Display of Wit and Address. When Don *Carlos* ask'd for *Clementina*, and her Brother, she told him the fictitious Story of her Cousin's Indisposition, and the Hurry they were oblig'd to set out in. This calm'd his Inquietude on that Score, and left him at Liberty to resume his Gallantry to *Teresa*, who seem'd in a very fit Disposition to make up to him his last Night's Disappointment in not seeing *Clementina*. It was no hard Task to come to a Point they both aim'd at; Don *Carlos* was made easy, and the Nymph happy, and they parted for that Night, after having set-

settled a Scheme for their future Correspondence, which lasted but a short Time ; for Don *Carlos*, at one of their Meetings a Day or two after, being inform'd by *Teresa*, that Monsieur De \*\*\* had been two Days return'd, and had left *Clementina* behind him ; and as that Gentleman had not been to pay his Compliments, tho' he must have heard that Don *Carlos* was at his House, enquiring for him in his Absence, he began to Fear that his Affair with *Clementina* was betray'd, and that her Brother had convey'd her out of the Way.

He open'd his Suspicions to *Teresa*, who gave him such lame Answers to the several Questions he ask'd her, that she but confirm'd his Suspicions, and made him further imagine that she was at the Bottom of the whole, for which Reason, he broke several Appointments he had made with her, and at last returned her Letters unopen'd, and dropp'd all Correspondence with her.

He waited for some Days, in Hopes that Monsieur De \*\*\* would make his Appearance as usual at his Levee, but finding he came not, and observing that he industriously shun'd him in all publick Places, he concluded that *Clementina* was sequester'd in some Monastery on his Account, which gave him great Uneasiness, both from the real Esteem he had for that Lady, which Enjoyment had not abated, and out of that Principle of Humanity which makes us interest ourselves in the Peace and Happiness of those who suffer on our Account, whatever our Opinion of their Merit may be. He try'd all in his Power for several Months to find out her Retreat,

Retreat; but in vain, for that unhappy Lady was watch'd so close, that all the Stratagems she us'd to make *Don Carlos* acquainted with her Situation, prov'd abortive, and only serv'd to encrease the Watchfulness of her Keepers: so that *Don Carlos*, after many fruitless Attempts, began at last to grow weary of the Search, and despairing of ever hearing of her more, he buried his Regret for the Loss of her, in the kind Compliance of other Ladies, of whom there were many who boasted to have been undone by that young Adventurer.

The greatest Part of a Year slipt away in these amorous Pursuits; yet he did not forget his great Concern, the providing Means for an effectual Effort to recover the ancient Patrimony of his House. He had suffered himself to be amus'd from Month to Month by the cunning Cardinal, and the rest of the *French* Ministry, with some new Plan or other, which was always attended with fresh Delays and Disappointments. To make this irksome Situation more tollerable to himself, he had endeavour'd to relieve his Impatience with Love and Gallantry; but now he had lost *Clementina*, for whom, of all the Ladies he had convers'd with, he had the truest Esteem, and in whose Company he enjoy'd the greatest Satisfaction; he grew impatient, was no longer to be amus'd with trifling Pretences, and at last declared, that unless the Court of *France* espous'd his Cause openly, and took some effectual Steps to bring it to a Crisis, he would immediately quit the Kingdom: and he actually made Preparations for his Departure.

The King seeing him so resolute, and unwilling to lose an Ally whose Presence even in his Dominions, was equal to several Thousand Men in the Field, order'd the Cardinal, who of all his Ministers was most depended on by the House of *St-w--rt*, he being a Cardinal by their Nomination, to use his utmost Art to keep the young Adventurer in Temper for some Time longer. The Church-man ply'd him every Day with fresh Arguments for Patience; which, seem'd to have little or no Effect upon the Pr—e. But that cunning Statesman, who knew Mankind, and the great Influence the Passions have upon the Understanding, especially of Youth, finding his specious Politicks had no Weight with one so young, alert, and sanguine, as Don *Carlos*, and that he had a Spice of the amorous Disposition so remarkable in his Family, had recourse to a female Advocate to sooth his Impatience, and find him Employment, tho' of a softer Nature than that he so eagerly solicited. He had no sooner taken this Resolution, than he visited the Pr—fs of *T—*, Cousin to the Queen, for whom Don *Carlos* on all occasions profess'd the greatest Respect; and acquainted her with the Pr—e's Impatience to be gone, unless his Majesty would act Impossibilities, or precipitate Measures for his Interest before they were mature; and begg'd of her, that she would use her Interest with Con *Carlos*, to wait but for some Months, till an Association of his Friends, in *Scotland* and *England*, which was now in great forwardness, could be brought to an Issue; perswading himself, that she would have more Influence on his Temper, as she could be less suspected

pected of any Design to impose on him, than any of his Majesty's Servants.

The Pr—fs, very readily promis'd to attempt to perswade Don *Carlos*, to make a further Trial of the Promises of the Ministry; and that very Day took an Opportunity, when the P——e came to visit her, to try her Influence. There happen'd to be no Person in the Room, when Don *Carlos* enter'd, but that Princess, and her Daughter *Isabella*, who had been but a few Days before arriv'd from *Lorrain*, and whom Don *Carlos* had never yet seen, tho' he had heard frequent mention made of her, as a perfect Beauty, and as one of the most accomplish'd young Ladies of the Age. The Princess her Mother, had no sooner introduc'd her to the young Hero, than he felt an unusual Pleasure thrilling thro' his Veins; and, for some Moments, was so transported with the unexpected Sight of so much Excellence, that he was scarce able to pay her those Compliments the Occasion requir'd; and which, might be expected to flow with great Ease from so polite a Person. But she was equally surpriz'd on her Side, with the appearance of a Prince, the first Sight of whom recall'd to her Mind the advantageous Description she had heard of him, long before she had an Opportunity of judging thereof, by the Testimony of her own Eyes: And her Mind was too much busied in admiring how much Fame, which commonly exaggerates, and disappoints our Expectations, had, on this Occasion, fallen short of the Praises due to the Excellence of his Person; she was too busy I say, and too much prepossess'd, to observe any Defect in the Compliment: And too

much afraid lest he should observe in her Countenance, how much she was affected by his Presence.

The Princess of T—— observing their mutual Embarrassment, in some measure guess'd their Sentiments; and therefore, immediately introduced a Subject for Conversation. She told the Pr——e she was sorry to hear that he had taken a Resolution of quitting the Kingdom so soon. If Sir, added she, we were to be depriv'd of the happiness of your Highness's Presence, by an Expedition against your Enemies, and, that you left us with an Intention to prosecute the Rights of your House, the Pleasure we should take in the Prospect of seeing you possess'd of that Crown, which is as much your Right by Merit, as by Blood, would more than compensate the private Satisfaction we enjoy, in the Conversation of so accomplish'd a Pr——e; but as you leave us in a kind of Disgust, and as it were throw up any Chance you may have, from the Circumstances of the Times, to recover the T——ne of your Ancestors, all who wish you well, are in the greatest Concern. Pardon me Sir, if I interest myself so far in what concerns you, as to beg your Permission to use any little Influence I may have with you, to persuade your Highness to stay yet a few Months longer; by which Time, I hope his Majesty will have remov'd all Obstacles that may now oppose his exerting himself effectually for your Interest. His Majesty, Sir, has engag'd in this expensive War, only in support of the Rights of his Allies; he has no Conquests in view, no Interest of his own to Fight for; but generously  
draws

draws his Sword in support of his Friends, and the preservation of the Ballance of Power in *Europe*. If then, he can be induced, from Alliances purely Political, to engage so heartily in so bloody a War, how can you doubt his Sincerity, when, besides the strongest Motives which sound Policy can suggest to him in favour of your Cause, he is further actuated by the ties of Blood, and every generous Principle that dwells in the Breasts of the truly Great, to restore the House of *St—rt* to those Dominions they have been so long depriv'd of: Yes, R—I Sir, if he follows either the Dictates of his Interest, the Obligations of Blood, or the generous Emotions of a compassionate Heart, he must be sincere in his Professions to you, and delays only till he can strike such a Stroke, as may at once put you out of all Doubt of Success. Let the Entreaties then of a Woman, whom you cannot suspect of any Design merely to amuse you, prevail on you to be a little longer Patient. I am sure, were his Majesty's Council made up only of our Sex, all other Business would give way to yours; and no Project be listen'd to, but what tended to render you as much greater and happier than the rest of Mankind, as your Merit transcends theirs.

I am, reply'd Don *Carlos*, highly oblig'd to your Highness, for the Interest you are pleas'd to take in my unhappy Affairs. I doubt not but you wish the Happiness and Restoration of my Family; but perhaps, you too easily believe what you wish. Alas! Madam, sad Experience has taught me that the ties of Blood, and even the most apparent Views

of Advantage, are not sufficient Security for the Promises of a Court. I am far from suspecting the generous Intentions of the King; I believe, as to his own Promises, that his Royal Heart has no other Design, than to fulfil them in the most ample Manner that Providence may permit; but, forgive me Madam, if I have not the same Faith in his Ministers, thro' whose Hands the Assistance I am to expect, must necessarily pass. No, they have given me sufficient Proofs of their double dealing, by disappointing the Expedition of *Marshall Saxe*; for which they assign'd such frivolous Excuses, that I must be blind, wilfully blind, if I did not see thro' the Disguise. My Family has too meanly submitted for these sixty Years past, to be the Dupes of this Court: They have been play'd off against that of *Britain*, on all Occasions; they have been courted, caress'd, and cojoll'd, as I am now, whenever *France* had any Quarrel with the Elector of *Hanover*, or any Ends of her own to serve; and as shamefully laid aside, and deserted, when those ends were serv'd. We have, Madam, even been turn'd to such low Purposes, as to be brought from behind the Scene, to serve the jobbing views of a factious *British* Ministry, who have chanc'd to be in the Pay of *France*; and have been withdrawn as soon as the Farce was acted. This, Madam, is sufficient to make me suspect the Sincerity of this Court. Ever since the Revolution, we have been so convenient a Card in the Hands of his Majesty's Ministry, that we cannot believe them earnestly inclin'd ever to throw us out of their Hands; therefore it's

Time



Time for me to put an End to the scandalous Imposition, and build my Hopes upon a less precarious, tho' perhaps not so seemingly potent a Foundation.

In my Opinion, replied the amiable *Isabella*, (if your Highness will pardon the Freedom of one so little Experienc'd in such affairs, in presuming to offer her Opinion) the Reason you last urg'd, is rather an Argument that you may rely on their Promises; since, from a Conviction of the Advantage you have hitherto been of to them, they'll scarce venture, by too long Delays, to provoke you to leave their Interest; but if they should, I apprehend you cannot be in a worse Situation than you are at present, unless prevented from the Execution of some independent Scheme, from whence you have greater Hopes: In that Case indeed, whatever Pain your Absence might give your Friends, and however the *French* Nation might regret their not having the Pleasure of chiefly contributing to your Success, yet, on such Views, I believe nobody would urge your Stay, or advise you to lose the Opportunity, by a dependance on any Promises whatever. But I'm afraid, Sir, I have said too much; forgive the Impertinence of the Sex; we are soon out of our Depth, and can only plead the warmth of our Hearts for the weakness of our Heads. What you urge, fair *Isabella*, reply'd Don *Carlos*, is a Proof, that Penetration and sound Judgment, are not peculiar to the Men; and it has such Weight with me, that I must drop the Debate, lest I should be obliged to yield to Arguments, seconded by too much Wit and Beauty, which,

I have often overturn'd, when only supported by the geateſt Politicians of the Court.

The Princeſs of T—, ſeeing that Don *Carlos* had expreſs'd, in ſo gallant a Manner, his intention to drop the Subject, did not think proper to purſue it any farther, for that Time; and Company coming in immediately after, the Converſation became general; and, in a ſhort Time, Don *Carlos* withdrew, call'd away by ſome Diſpatches he had to tranſmit that Night to *Rome*.

In going home, Don *Carlos* found a great Alteration in his Mind; he could not put the Idea of *Iſabella* out of his Head; the majeſty of her Perſon, the gracefulness of her Air and Mein, her Beauty, and the ſolid Judgment ſhe diſcover'd in all ſhe ſaid, were inexhauſtable Subjects of Admiration; but an Admiration different from that he had felt before for other Women, in whom he fancied he had obſerved the ſame, or nearly the ſame Qualifications. He had been charm'd with Beauty, pleas'd with Wit, and agreeably ſurpriz'd with the Graces of a fine Perſon, in many Inſtances; but, till now, he could reflect on all theſe Perfections, without feeling any uncommon Raptures: at leaſt, his Emotions were widely different from what he now experienc'd, while his Mind was full of the Charms of *Iſabella*; a Change, which was to him as ſurprizing as it was difficult to account for. Full of theſe Cogitations, he arriv'd at his Houſe, and enter'd upon the Buſineſs which call'd him from a Place, where, if he had follow'd the unexplain'd Dictates of his Heart, he had ſtaid much longer;  
but

but having finish'd his Dispatches as quick as possible, he return'd to his Closet, and resum'd his new Subject of Meditation, the matchless *Isabella*: The more he mused on that charming young Princess, the more inclinable he found himself to indulge the pleasing Theme, and every Moment brought some new Discovery of Excellence, some hitherto unobserved Charm, some unnotic'd Grace, which, taken singly, were each capable of raising his Admiration to the highest Pitch; but when his Imagination represented them as all accumulated in one Person, Admiration was too feeble a Term, to express the Agitation of his Mind: the united force of her Perfections warm'd all his Faculties, and rais'd him to a Pitch little short of Adoration. Heavens! said he, to himself, what can this mean? I have seen many Ladies whom I have thought imitatively engaging; yet they were incapable of raising in me half that Pleasure I feel in contemplating the Beauties of the fair *Isabella*. There is something in her Looks, that captivates the very Soul; that inspires us with the most awful Reverence, yet at the same Time communicating the most exquisite Delight. *Clementina* was fair, her Beauty enchanting, and her Wit delicate; I acknowledg'd the force of her Charms, and thought I reap'd Joys in the possessing her, which could be rival'd by nothing Mortal; but how have I been deceiv'd! The bare Contemplation of this lovely Intruder, has banish'd every Trace of those Enjoyments, and gives me more real, more lively Satisfaction, than the entire Fruition of the fair *Clementina*.

My

My Wishes towards *Ifabella* are not the same as to other Women ; I could live for ever upon her Looks, and gaze eternally with rapturous Pleasure upon her Charms ; I can paint her, in Imagination, in the most bewitching Attitude, and yet, my Pulse beats its usual Time, and tho' my Heart bounds with the transporting Thought, yet its Joys are pure, and unfulfilled with any Idea that can inflame the Blood. Yet, still I wish her mine entirely, solely mine, and cannot satisfy my Mind with the meer Contemplation of her Excellence. What shall I think of what I feel for this lovely Princess? How shall I explain those Emotions of the Mind, so different from all I ever experienc'd before? Can this be Love? It must be so ; the pure legitimate Flame, the true Sympathy of Souls which tends to a mutual Union, independent of this Clog of Earth. Yes! the Riddle's explain'd ; the Pleasure I took in the Charms of other Women, the Joys I aim'd at in their Possession, went no deeper than the meer Gratification of the Senses : but in *Ifabella*, my Soul has found its elemental Likeness, is ravish'd with the Discovery, longs to be in closer Union with its kindred Spark, and feels a new Spring of Joy, too refin'd for the gross Senses to participate.

He was at the end of this Soliloquy, when Mr. *Kelly* introduc'd to him a Gentleman from *Scotland*, who had come with Dispatches from some of the Chiefs of the Highland Clans, to acquaint him with the State of their Preparations for an Insurrection in his Favour. He receiv'd the Messenger with an Air of greater Satisfaction,

Satisfaction, and heard what he had to say, with more apparent Pleasure than he had express'd for some Time past; for as he had great doubt at that Time, of the sincerity of the *French* Ministry, he seem'd very backward in giving Encouragement to any Schemes that were projected for his Interest in *Scotland*, being unwilling to embark his Friends, and the Lives of so many innocent Men, without the utmost Assurance of Success. But to this Gentleman, his Attendants observ'd that he paid more than ordinary Attention, and spoke to him in such manner, as to give room to think that he should soon be in readiness to try the Strength of their Zeal. This was an Alteration which Mr. Kelly was glad to find in him, tho' he could not account for the Cause of it; and it was the more difficult for him to trace it, since he sought for it among the Views of the Politicians, and conjectur'd, that certainly the Cardinal had given him some new Assurances of speedy Assistance, which had chang'd his Sentiments so much from what they were but some few Hours before. But he was mistaken: the Statesman had nothing to do in the matter; *Cup* as the most successful Politician, and perswaded Don Carlos into Sentiments which all the Learning of the *Sorbone* would not have inspir'd him with. He had seen *Isabella*, and at the first Conversation, found himself involv'd in all the Symptoms of the warmest Passion for that Lady. If he left *France*, as he had determin'd before that Conversation, he lost the Opportunity of promoting his Wishes, and deny'd himself a Pleasure, which, in his then State of Mind,

Kingdoms

Kingdoms could not balance ; namely, that of beholding the amiable *Isabella*. Therefore he soon determin'd in his own Thoughts, to allow himself to be wrought upon to alter his Purposes ; but resolv'd, if possible, to bring it about so, that the Concession should be owing to the charming *Isabella* ; which, he thought might be a Method to gain him some Interest in that Lady's Esteem, since its natural for Women to value themselves upon being useful in Affairs of Importance, and to become fond of those who appear influenc'd by their Judgment.

Don *Carlos*, pleas'd himself with this Project of gaining upon the Esteem of *Isabella*, and resolv'd to give her, as soon as possible, an opportunity of resuming the Discourse he had broke off that Day, and went to Bed impatient for the next Morning, that he might renew his Visits. But, in the Morning, tho' the Idea of that amiable Lady was still full in his Mind, yet he was capable of reflecting more calmly upon the Sacrifice he was going to make her, and what might be the Consequence of an Engagement of that kind in his present Circumstances. What, says he to himself, shall I alter my openly avowed Resolution of leaving this Kingdom, and convincing the Court of *France* that I will not be made their Tool, the Instrument of their Ambition, as my Predecessors have been ? shall I give up a Determination, which my Reason assur'd me was a just one, and the only Part I can act consistent with my Character, to gratify a fond amorous Dream, which can contribute nothing to my Glory, nor add

add to my Peace of Mind. Besides, suppose I should yield to the soft Influence, am I sure, that I shall meet with a kind Return? Is not *Isabella*, all lovely, all charming as she is, still Woman? May not she have Prepossessions and Prejudices in common with the rest of her Sex, and repay my fond Affection with Scorn or Indifference? But tho' this should prove to be the Case; tho' she should make me the kindest Returns of Love; shall I involve the tender Fair in the Runs of a sinking House. No! it would be ungenerous to engage her Affections in the State I am in; rather let me fly this Kingdom, where State-Tricks, or the politic Chicanry of a selfish Court, preys upon the Necessities of a wretched Family; and where I am also in Danger of losing that Tranquility of Mind, so necessary to raise me from the miserable Dependance I am under.

Don *Carlos* thought he had now argued himself into that Temper of Mind, he fancied most suitable to his Circumstances; and believed he could see and hear the charming *Isabella*, without any Danger of being too much soften'd by the Charms of her Person, or the perswasive Eloquence of her Tongue; and therefore, ventur'd at his usual Hour to pay his Visit to the Princess of *T—t*, whom he found with her Daughter, and two or three select Friends who were privy to most of his Secrets. He had no sooner cast his Eyes on *Isabella*, than his Soul felt the warmest Raptures, for he thought her ten times more amiable than the Day before. When she spoke, he was all Attention, and lost himself in Admiration of her Wit and Judgment,

Judgment, and found all the heroic Resolutions he had taken but a few Hours before, vanish into Smoak; he now felt such Extream Pleasure in her Company, that, for that Satisfaction alone, without farther Hope, he thought he could not make too great a Sacrifice; yet he was so much himself, that he knew it a Weakness, and lest, by renewing the Attack of the former Day, he should be oblig'd to yield to the Importunities of his Friends, and the more potent Suggestions of his new-born Flame, he rose up to take his Leave: but the Princess of T——t, who had assembled there a few of his faithful Friends, on purpose to join with her in prevailing on the P——e to a Compliance with the Desire of the Ministry; begg'd of him to favour them with his Company a little longer. As your H——s, says she, is resolv'd so soon to leave us, and *France* itself, entirely, we must insist on your being with us as much as as you possibly can, while you stay at *Paris*. Be assur'd, reply'd Don Carlos, that while I remain in this Kingdom, no Company can yield me half the Satisfaction I always enjoy in this House, and that when I leave *France*, nothing, Madam, not even the Disappointment of those Views which brought me here, can give me more Regret, than being depriv'd of your Highness's Conversation, and that of your fair Daughter, whom it is my Misfortune to know, only that I may be convinc'd how much I lose, by adhering to what I think the Honour of my Family, and the Interest of my Cause.

My Daughter, return'd the Princess, and I, are highly sensible of the obliging Compliment  
you



you have paid us: but methinks, added she, your Highness seem'd Yesterday, from what *Isabella* urg'd, to be less positive about the Justness of the Resolution you have taken of leaving *Paris* without effecting any Thing of what you intended on coming here; and I have been told that an Express is since arrived from *Scotland*, which should determine your Highness rather to listen to the Invitation of your Adherents there, and take Measures to support their Enterprize, than by breaking with the Court at this Juncture, banish their Hopes of seeing you, and allay the warmth of their Zeal for your Service..

Alas Madam, reply'd the P—e, 'tis their Zeal, their well-proved Attachment to my unhappy Cause, that makes me cautious of leading them into a Fool's Paradise with the light Promises of the *French* Ministry, or permitting them on so precarious a Foundation to risk their Lives and Fortunes. Too many noble Families have already been shipwreck'd on that unhappy Rock, and have followed *French* Schemes, *French* Promises, and *French* Interest, like an *Ignis fatuus*, till they have rivetted the Chains of their unhappy Country, and almost depopulated the best Provinces of that poor Kingdom. But, believe me, Madam, I am determin'd to see such Measures taken by *France*, as, according to all human Probability, may ensure me Success, before I permit a Man of that brave Nation to risk a Drop of his Blood in my Cause: And lest the Warmth of their Zeal, or the Intrigues of this Court should prevail on them to precipitate an Enterprize in my Favour, before I have the Assurance

I want, I am determined to leave this Kingdom, that I may give no Colour or Pretext to Schemes which must be destructive to the Lives of my faithful Friends, and strengthen my Enemy in the Possession of my Rights.

I cannot, return'd *Isabella*, but highly admire the noble disinterested Motives which determine your present Conduct. Those Subjects, Sir, must be happy, who are govern'd by a Prince who is so tender of them, as rather to forego his own Rights, than risk their Lives on a dubious Issue. But, Sir, if the Reports from *Scotland* are true, that they are ready to take up Arms as soon as you desire them, or vouchsafe to give them your Presence, the Cause of all the Delays of the Ministry is at an End, and they will certainly now give you such Assistance as you have demanded; at least I apprehend that Delay can be no longer than is necessary for the Preparations for such an Expedition, and if these are carrying on with all possible Celerity, I cannot see with what Propriety you can propose to break with the Court till they have actually failed; for since the Disappointment of Marshal *Saxe's* first Expedition, Things have never been brought to the Crisis they are now at in *Scotland* and *England*, and therefore the Ministry had a fair Pretext for their Delay, which now they are deprived of.

It's true, reply'd Don *Carlos*, their Pretences for Delays are now mostly vanished; and I make no doubt but they are ready to gratify me with the Appearance of ample Preparations for an Expedition in my Favour. Something like this is actually begun in several Parts of this Kingdom;

dom ; but then we differ about the Execution of the Design. The Court insists that an Insurrection must be actually begun in *Scotland*, before they openly declare any Intention to invade *England* ; their Pretext for this is, that by this Means the Forces of the South Parts must be sent to the North, to oppose the *Scots*, which must give the *French* a fair Opportunity of landing without Opposition. To which I object, that by this Means, I resign all upon a bare Promise ; for should either the Ministry here prove insincere at Bottom, or the Circumstances of the Times oblige them to alter their Resolutions, then I have involved my faithful Friends in Destruction to no Purpose, and made any future Attempt infinitely more difficult : And besides, I cannot, after so many Failures of the like Nature, expect that any Number of Men of Fortune will join me, without an actual Landing of the *French* ; and it's probable that the Number which might be prevail'd on to hazard all out of pure Zeal to my Cause, may be so inconsiderable, as not to induce the *English* Government to send one Man from the South to oppose them ; if so, the *French* Ministry have a fair Pretext to lay aside the Scheme as impracticable, whereas, if they would consent to land me, with ten thousand Men, on any Part of the Island, the Generality of the People, who are really in my Interest, would join my Standard, and put the Thing out of all doubt at once ; but till then, they will be intimidated, and rather submit to their present Misfortunes, than risk their Lives on so precarious a Foundation.

Your Highness's Fears, reply'd *Isabella*, may

possibly be very just, as I am no Judge how the Expedition should be manag'd; that I leave to be discuss'd by your Highness, and the military Gentlemen of your Council; but after all, I must think, that when you have taken all the Precautions you can, you must still leave something to Chance, and to a Dependance on Promises, and can only add, that if his Majesty's Ministry pursue the generous Intentions of their Royal Master, or fall in with the Wishes of the People, who are universally for your Restoration; if they are actuated by the true Interest of their Country, which is constantly oppos'd in all its Views by your Enemies; I say if they are directed by these Principles, and duly influenced by these Motives, your Highness may very safely depend upon all the Assistance in their Power towards making you great and happy; and whatever may be the Event, these, in my poor Opinion, are sufficient Considerations to satisfy your Prudence, and stifle all future Reflections, let the Success be what it will.

Don *Carlos* listened to *Isabella* with great Attention, and when she had done speaking, could not help being astonished to hear such solid Reasoning from a Woman, and one so young too. He knew indeed it was no extraordinary Thing to find a *French* Woman of Quality vers'd in the common Politicks of the Times. They are for ever dabbling, and mix themselves in the management of Matters of the weightiest Concern; but then he knew that the generality of them, only repeat, by the help of a good Memory, what they hear from their Husbands,

bands, Brothers, or Acquaintance, who purposely drop hints to them on such Subjects as they want to give a popular Turn to, and to have spread about: Whereas *Isabella* had been long absent from Court, and since her Return, had no great Opportunity of being instructed in the Intrigues of the Ministry; therefore he justly concluded, that what she had said concerning his Affairs, was the true Result of her own Judgment, the Effect of her natural Sagacity; and of Consequence, render'd her an Object worthy of the highest Esteem, and added fresh Fuel to the amorous Fire he felt glowing in his Heart. And now all his Resolutions of leaving *France* began to fail, and those Motives which he thought hitherto so strong for his Departure, lost every Moment part of their Influence, while he view'd the charming *Isabella*, and considered the Arguments she offer'd with such a bewitching Grace. Yet he had such Command of himself, that he would not absolutely resolve on a Matter of such Consequence to his Glory, and the Interest of his Family, while he felt his Mind bias'd by the Presence of that enchanting Fair, lest he should find, upon cooler Reflection, that his Passion had help'd to deceive his Understanding. Therefore he told the Princess of T—, that he would that Day see the Cardinal, in order to know of him, what was the last Determination of the Ministry upon their late Intelligence from *Scotland*; and that he would act accordingly. Then turning to *Isabella*, he assur'd her, that what she had said, had so much Influence over him, that he should take any Resolutions, con-

trary to her Opinion, with infinite Reluctance ; and hop'd the Ministry would be so favourable to him, as to find out a plausible Pretence for his staying some Time longer in *France* ; since leaving it would deprive him of a Happiness, which he priz'd as the greatest Blessing in Life, that of her Company.

He deliver'd these last Words with so strong an Emphasis, and accompany'd them with such a significant Glance of his Eyes, that fair *Isabella* could not help discerning that it was more than a meer Compliment ; a Thought so agreeable to her, that the conscious Pleasure mounted up to her Cheeks in a glowing Blush ; her Bosom heav'd, and the rapturous Joy was ready to disorder her whole Frame ; but recollecting herself, she endeavour'd all she could to check the warm Emotion, and without taking Notice of the personal Compliment, wish'd the P—e all the Success with the Ministry he could hope for ; and that he might find them all as zealous for his Glory and Happiness, as she was sure every one then present, was.

The Conversation was then turn'd upon indifferent Subjects, and Company increasing, Don *Carlos* took his Leave ; but instead of going to Court, retir'd to his own Apartment, to consider coolly with himself what was proper to be done. Never had any one so great a Struggle between two opposite Passions, as had Don *Carlos* betwixt his Love, and the tender Concern he had for those who espoused his Interest in *Britain*, and whose Lives and Fortunes must depend upon the Issue of his present Deliberations,

Deliberations, and the Prudence of those Measures he should concert for the Success of his Expedition.

He found, when he ask'd his Heart the Question, as to leaving *Isabella*, that it was impossible to bear the Thoughts of it. She was now become part of himself, and so essential to his Happiness, that he could not wish to live, without her ; and yet he knew that his long Stay at *Paris*, the unactive Tool of a designing Ministry, or his rashly adventuring on an undigested Scheme for gaining a Crown, were equally dangerous to his Hopes of being happy with the lovely Maid ; for, from the first Idea of his Passion, he set it down as an unalterable Maxim, not to involve the Princess in his Affairs, till such Time as he was out of the reach of those malicious Stars, that had hitherto govern'd the Fate of his unhappy Family. Thus far then, his Ambition was necessary to the Completion of his Passion ; and he knew a false Step in the Prosecution of the one, would be fatal to the other ; but he likewise consider'd, that after all his Deliberations, something must be left to Chance ; that if he should wait till all the Objections, which Caution might suggest were remov'd, he might find his Life too short for an Opportunity to try his Fortune. He therefore determin'd to accept the best Terms he could bring his most *Christian* Majesty to, and to lay his whole Plan before the Chiefs of his Party in *Britain*, without exaggerating his Hopes, or concealing his Doubts ; and, if they were unanimous for making a Push, he should then comply, having thus taken

all the Precaution for their Safety, that Prudence, and the most tender Regard for them could dictate; and left them without any Room to reflect upon him, whatever way it should please the sovereign Disposer of all Things to turn the Event.

This Resolution he open'd to his faithful Friend Sir *Thomas Sherridan*, and afterwards to the rest of his little Council, who unanimously approv'd it. And as the Execution thereof, would at least take up some Weeks, he had now a reasonable Pretence for postponing his Departure from *France*, and the Pleasure of his being so long with his fair *Isabella*, to whom he was resolv'd to declare his Passion the first Opportunity. He had now made *Sherridan* the Confidant of his Love for that Princess; who advis'd him by all means to prosecute it, since the Lady, by her Birth, and Alliance to the Crown of *France*, would be a proper Match for him, especially in the present State of his Affairs; and that if her Mother, and the Queen of *France* should approve it, it would be a further Motive for their Assisting him, and a great Security for the Performance of Promises.

But he found some Difficulty in obtaining a private Conversation with that Lady, for the P——s of T——t, who is one of the most discerning Women in *Europe*, had observ'd in Don *Carlos's* Behaviour, in the two or three last Visits he had made, especially in the last Conversation, something that gave her room to believe, that her Daughter had made an Impression



Impression on the young Adventurer's Heart, which determin'd her to be cautious how she encourag'd any private Conversation betwixt them, till she was fully satisfied how far the Court would approve of an Affair of that Nature; for as to her own part, she thought it would be a very honourable Match for her Daughter, in case his most *Christian* Majesty really intended to assist him effectually in the Recovery of his Pretensions, and that he was actually settled on the Th——ne of *Britain*; but her Regard for her Daughter, notwithstanding the high Opinion she had of *Don Carlos*, would not permit her to suffer *Isabella* to enter into any Engagement, till she was sure that there was a probability of his Success; And she guess'd that she might form a pretty tolerable Judgment of the Sincerity of the Court, by the manner in which they entertain'd a Proposal of this Sort; because she could not imagine, that they would permit her to engage her Daughter's Affections to a Person whom they did not intend to serve effectually. One Evening, after the Prince had been there, she call'd her Daughter into her Closet, and endeavour'd to sound her Sentiments concerning *Don Carlos*. That young Lady, who had been brought up in an utter Abhorrence of Diffimulation, and used to place the greatest Confidence in her Mother, without Hesitation acquainted the Princess, that she look'd upon *Don Carlos* as the most accomplish'd of his Sex; and could not help owning that the Charms of his Person, and his amiable Deportment, had given her Ideas of him, different from those she had entertain'd of other Men;

Men; but hop'd, that she should always be able to keep such a Guard upon her Inclinations, that they should for ever correspond with her Duty. The Princess told her she could not blame her, for affording Don *Carlos* the Esteem due to one of his infinite Merit; but advis'd her to keep a Guard upon her Heart, gainst an Excess of the soft Passion; for said she, tho' Don *Carlos* is truly worthy the Affection of the greatest Princess in *Europe*, yet, his Circumstances are such, as would make it imprudent for you to entertain any Thoughts of him at present. It would also be highly detrimental to the Glory of the young Hero, to amuse himself with the Pursuits of Love, inattentive to those great Views, which may render a whole People happy, and himself for ever glorious. It's natural for one in the prime of Youth, to be soon smitten with the Charms of a fine Woman; the warm Flame is soon kindled; but Ambition, the darling Object of the Great, soon stifles it, and blots from their Remembrance every Idea that can divert their Attention from the glorious Toil. This may be Don *Carlos's* Case, for I guess, my dear Child, thy Charms have touch'd his amorous Heart; I can discern it in his Eyes as often as he speaks to you; but beware you don't give it Encouragement, for it must either Ruin him, by checking his martial Pursuits, or undo your Peace, by engaging your Affection where Ambition may supplant you, or where the doubtful Event of Things may put an eternal Bar to your Wishes, tho' mutually sincere. It's therefore my Advice, that you

you keep as much upon the Reserve with Don *Carlos* as you can, consistent with the Respect due to his Dignity ; and above all, give him no Opportunity of declaring his Passion, if he has any such Intention.

*Isabella* readily promis'd to follow strictly her Mother's Advice ; and on that account Don *Carlos* found himself under great Perplexity for several Days, as he saw no means to engage *Isabella* in a particular Conversation, she being always in Company, and so much upon the Reserve, that he began to fancy she had discover'd his Sentiments by his Looks, and disapprov'd them. This Thought gave him infinite Uneasiness. He found himself unable to live any longer in the cruel Suspence, and determin'd to write to her, that he might know the worst of his Fate. This his first Letter to that Lady, was in the following Terms,

*Madam,*

“ **O**FT have I strove to pour out my  
 “ whole Heart before you, but have hitherto been oblig'd to content myself with  
 “ the silent Language of the Eye, and adore  
 “ you like the holy Saints, with the Ejaculations of a ravish'd Soul. But how painful,  
 “ divine *Isabella*, is Silence, and yet how difficult to speak, when all the Faculties are  
 “ full of one Idea, too extensive for Expression ;  
 “ and how great must be the Anguish to live  
 “ in eternal Doubt, or drag on a hopeless Life,  
 “ in a continual Fear of offending, by a Declaration of the Cause. Such, Madam, is my  
 “ Case, that whether I keep Silence, or reveal  
 “ the

“ the tender Secret, still I may be undone:  
 “ Yet I must speak: Yes, my charming *Isa-*  
 “ *bella*, my Eyes have long since con-  
 “ fess’d how much I am a Slave to your Charms;  
 “ but what avails my Declaration? I dare not  
 “ presume to hope for a Return: No! that  
 “ would be a Happiness too exquisite for one  
 “ that has been so long the Sport of *Fortune*.  
 “ But permit me, Madam, to throw myself at  
 “ your Feet, and speak my Passion in your Pre-  
 “ sence; that alone must elevate my Courage  
 “ to combat the Perverseness of my Stars, and  
 “ enable me, by some happy, glorious Effort,  
 “ to purchase a Crown for my charming *Isabella*,  
 “ without which, my Heart is not worthy her  
 “ Acceptance. Till by my Actions I have pur-  
 “ chas’d your Esteem, I dare only hope that my  
 “ Passion may not be punish’d with your Displea-  
 “ sure. O! may I but indulge the transporting  
 “ Thought, that you too would prove propiti-  
 “ ous, when *Fortune* ceas’d to persecute my un-  
 “ happy Family! But possibly I have said too  
 “ much: However, I must wait my Doom  
 “ from your fair Eyes. You are my Fate; you  
 “ can speak me into Wretchedness, or inex-  
 “ pressible Happiness. But whatever you De-  
 “ cree, I shall always remain.

Your Adorer,

C——”

This Letter he gave to Sir *Thomas Sherridan*,  
 to get it privately deliver’d to one of *Isabella*’s  
 Women, who was in Confidence with that  
 Gentleman.

*Isabella*

*Isabella* felt, on reading it, all the tender Emotions of sympathetic Love; and had she followed the Dictate of her Heart, *Don Carlos* had soon been eas'd of his anxious Doubts, and made as happy as virtuous Love could make him. But her Duty got the better of her fond Inclination, and she immediately carried it to the Princess her Mother, who was now better able to give her Advice than the last Time she spoke to her on that Subject; for she had acquainted the Queen with her Suspicion of a growing Passion between her Daughter and *Don Carlos*. The Queen, after consulting with his Majesty, advis'd her to promote it as much as possible, since it might be a Means to render the young Hero more tractable, and of attaching him, at all Events, more firmly in the Interest of the Court of *France*. For on the Supposition of his succeeding in his Expedition, without any previous Engagement of that Sort, it might possibly happen, that his then *British* Counsellors would advise him to a Match less connected with the Interest of his Most Christian Majesty; and at the same time the Ministry assured the Princess, that great Preparations were making for introducing *Don Carlos* into *Britain* with such a Train as should render his Expedition, according to all human Probability, almost certain of Success. Therefore she could not help expressing her Satisfaction, when she found, by the P—e's Letter to her Daughter, that he seem'd so deeply engag'd; but notwithstanding, she advis'd *Isabella* not to return any Answer to that Letter, but to give him an Opportunity to declare himself, by Word of Mouth, and then she should refer him to her Relations,

tions, and conceal, as much as possible, her own Sentiments, in order to leave him room for *Hope*, the only Secret to keep *Passion* alive: as *Hope* never Stagnates, but is continually increasing, or upon the Decline.

*Isabella*, who was all Openness and Sincerity, was heartily sorry that her Mother's Commands oblig'd her to behave in so unfriendly a Manner, or to conceal any Part of that Tenderness she felt for the Pr——e. She retired to her Chamber, very pensive, and again consider'd the P——ce's Letter, read it a hundred Times over, and always found something which rendered him still more amiable in her Imagination. She would have concealed her Sentiments from *Marianne*, who had been hitherto her Confident in every Thing, and had deliver'd her that Letter; and who soon learn'd, by broken Hints, that an Answer, not at all unfavourable, would have been given, if *Isabella* had been left to the Conduct of her own Will; this she thought would be very acceptable News to *Don Carlos*, and therefore immediately acquainted *Sir Thomas Sberidan* with her Observations.

*Don Carlos* was transported to find that there was so much ground to hope that his Declaration was not disagreeable to *Isabella*, tho' he concluded that he should meet with strong Opposition from the Princess her Mother, who would be only influenced in her Determinations by the mere Maxims of Prudence and Policy, without any Regard to the mutual Inclinations of the Parties chiefly interested: But this gave him little Uneasiness, while he thought he had any Interest in *Isabella's* Breast, since he had no In-  
tention.

tention to consummate his Happiness, tho' left to his own Choice, 'till his Circumstances were such as to remove all the Scruples of those who had the Direction of his Mistress.

He went early next Day to the Princess's, in hopes only to have the Pleasure of seeing his Charmer, and guessing by her Eyes the Place he had in her Heart. But Fortune design'd him a greater Favour ; for when he enter'd the Presence Chamber, he found no Body but *Isabella*, who, on his Approach, was covered over with a crimson Blush. Such was their mutual Confusion, that they both stood Silent for some Moments ; and at last *Don Carlos*, in a Tone very little assur'd, told *Isabella* that he thank'd Providence, who had bestow'd on him a Happiness which he could not have expected ; that of beholding her alone, and the Opportunity of telling her how much he ador'd her: Then kneeling, added, but whither, Madam, will my Presumption lead me ? Have not I offended too much already by my Letter ? Yet, I must throw myself a second Time on your Goodness, to forgive the Overflowings of a Passion, which can no longer be stifled in Silence. I must, Madam, confess it, and proclaim to all the World how much my Soul is captivated by the divine *Isabella*. Rise Sir, reply'd she, interrupting him, that Posture does not become so illustrious a Person, tho' assum'd but in Jest. I see, *Don Carlos*, that your Mind is not so much engross'd by your great Affair, as to hinder your giving us a Taste of your Gallantry : It's a pretty Amusement Sir, but beware that some of the *British* Ladies, amongst whom I hope you will soon appear,  
don't

don't make you act your Part in Earnest, and really feel those Anxieties you know so well how to counterfeit. Ah! Madam, return'd the Pr—e, could you see into my Soul, there you would find nothing but your dear Idea; you would see it interwoven with my Being, and the only Support of my Life. Believe me then sincere, and that unless you vouchsafe at least to pity me, nothing on this Side the Grave can be more wretched. My family Misfortunes I can bear, because there is yet room to hope that I may live to see an End of them; but to be banished from you, without some Gleam of distant Hope, is to load me with more than Man can bear. Forgive me, R—l Sir, reply'd the blushing Maid, I mean not to trifle with your Highness: Heaven knows I sympathize with you in all your Sufferings, and should be sorry that any Thought of me should add to your Uneasiness. I am yet, Sir, a Stranger to the Passion you mention! I know it but in Theory, and would shun its further Acquaintance, till the Advice of my Relations directs my unexperienc'd Youth in the Choice of a proper Object. And can you be so resign'd, return'd Don *Carlos* hastily, can you suffer your Charms to be barter'd by dreaming States-Men, as doating Policy directs their lifeless Brains? Alas! then, I shall never persuade the Princess your Mother to countenance a Passion like mine, at least not till I can bring Crowns and Sceptres to stamp a Value on it; but e're then, e'er lazy Fate permits me to be so happy, *Isabella* becomes the Property of one more fortunate: 'Tis that Thought distracts me.—Teach me, bright Excellence, to bear  
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it, for you can speak a Tempest calm, and give Happiness to the most wretched by a Look. Despair not, said *Isabella*, while the rising Blush mantled in her Cheek, you perplex yourself in vain ; for if my Words or Looks can make you happy, you must certainly be superlatively so ; and I should think myself so too, for communicating it to one so worthy. Despair not ! did you say ? cry'd *Don Carlos*, in an Extacy, Oh ! say it but again, that I may be sure I do not Dream ; or rather be silent, that some Doubt, some Alloy to this unexpected flow of Joy, may enable me to support it. Alas ! I have said too much already, reply'd he, I hear the Princess coming ; but compose yourself, Sir, she is not entirely your Enemy.

*Isabella* had not Time to say a word more, e'er the Princess her Mother enter'd the Room, and rally'd *Don Carlos* for his early Visit. You Soldiers, says she, are Enemies to the Morning's Repose ; but methinks you Sir, should take as much Indulgence now as you can, since in all probability you'll have but little Time for Slumber, at least for some Months, in the Island of *Britain* ; but I know you are impatient to be there, and that makes you restless, and deny yourself that Repose, which your Education in soft *Italy* might make necessary. In truth, Madam, said *Don Carlos*, (*Isabella* having left the Room as her Mother enter'd it) my Heart is not here at present, but it was here this Moment, and I came thus early in Search of it. Forgive me, Madam, if I own that it is in the Possession of your fair Daughter, whose Merit can make Kingdoms of greater worth to me, since

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only by my prospect of a Crown, I can justify my Pretensions to her Affection; in the mean Time permit me to hope, that if *Fortune* should once more Smile away the Sufferings of my Family, and restore us to our Rights, that you will allow me to share my Happiness with the fair *Isabella*.

I am sensible, reply'd the Princess, of the Honour your Highness does us, by the Esteem you express for my Daughter, which she signified to me on your first Declaration; but I have so great a Regard for your Glory, that I would not have you mix the Concerns of that weak Passion, with the great Affairs that now claim your Attention; but if it can be any Satisfaction to you to know my Sentiments on that Head, be assur'd, Sir, that as far as I have an Interest in the Disposal of my Daughter, my Consent shall not be wanting, whenever the Circumstances of your Affairs will permit you to think of such an Engagement. But War, Glory, and a Crown, my Prince, must at present take up all your Soul, and you must endeavour to banish the soft Trifler from your Heart; for two Passions so extremely opposite, can never dwell amicably in the same Breast; they must be continually counter-acting one another, and contending for Sovereignty, and render your Life uneasy. Pardon me, Madam, return'd Don *Carlos*, (transported that his Love Affair was in so promising a way) I would not presume to entertain a Thought of involving the lovely *Isabella* in my shatter'd Fortune. Till by my Actions I had in some measure merited the mighty Blessing, I would only  
beg

beg leave to Hope she will accept my Services, that, inspired by the hopes of so glorious a Reward, the rugged Task of Ambition may sit the easier on my Soul; that, full of her dear Idea, I may recover Crowns, only valuable, as they place her in that point of Light amongst Mankind, which is her Right by Blood and Merit. Love, Madam in this Case, must be so far from contending with Ambition, that it adds Vigour to my Courage, and Strength to my Resolutions; since the Success of the one, gives Life to the other. Permit me then to offer my Vows to the charming *Isabella*, and sooth my Hopes that at last her kind Consent will crown my Labours.

You Lovers, reply'd the Princess, with an air of Pleasantry, must have every Thing your own way; and I believe, Sir, whether I give you leave or not, you will say all the fine Things to my Daughter you think can warm her to your Wishes, and therefore I may as well make you the Compliment freely; but you must always remember that the Queen, and King *Stanislaus* have a Vote in the Question, and that you had best not make any very publick Acknowledgments of the Affair, till you have paid them the Compliment of asking their Advice and Consent. I believe you need not be very much startled at this, for I know the Queen has so intire a Regard for your Highness, that she will not oppose any Thing that you look upon as essential to your Happiness. And, by the by, if they approve your Addresses, I think it may be look'd upon as a good Omen, and a Sign that the Ministry are really in earnest to support

your Interest, and so help to quiet those Fears, which your Caution has perhaps hitherto carried a little too far.

We must imagine, that a Person so polite as the accomplish'd Don *Carlos*, made a very handsome Acknowledgment for the kind Declaration of the Princess. He was just at the close of a very passionate Compliment, when *Isabella* and some other Ladies enter'd the Room, and put an End to the Conversation.

Don *Carlos* was all Life and Spirits; his Countenance, that for some Days past had worn a melancholy Cast, now resum'd its usual Gaiety, and spoke the inward Joy of his Soul. *Isabella* saw the Change, guess'd the Cause, and her Eyes, as often as they met those of Don *Carlos*, confess'd how much she participated in his Satisfaction. They long'd mutually to be together in private, to give a loose to their tender Transports on this Occasion; but it was impossible, for all that Day, a great deal of noble Company coming in; and the fond Lovers were oblig'd to part, content with confessing their mutual Raptures by stolen Glances.

Don *Carlos*, as soon as he got home, gave vent to the fullness of his Joy, by communicating his Success to his faithful Friend Sir *Thomas Sherridan*; with whom he consulted the properest measures to break the matter to the King's Council. Sir *Thomas* was commission'd to open the Affair that very Evening to the Cardinal, who took upon him to procure the Approbation of the Court and King *Stanislaus*, provided the Chevalier *De St. George* should formally signify his

his Consent. A Courier was instantly dispatch'd to *Rome*, to acquaint that Prince with the Situation of Affairs in general; and demanding his Concurrence to the projected Match: By the Return of which Courier, the Chevalier gave his Son Liberty to proceed as he should be advis'd by his Most Christian Majesty.

In the Interim, Don *Carlos* met his lovely Mistress in private, from whom he receiv'd all the Assurance of a tender Affection that Modesty could admit. The first Time he had the happy Opportunity, was in the Garden belonging to the Princess, where that Lady and her Daughter, with only one other Lady, were retir'd to walk; the Prince joining them, they continued for some Time in the spacious Walks of that delightful Place, amusing themselves with a mixt Conversation. At last, the Princess and her Companion pretending to be weary, sat down in an Alcove fronting the great Canal, and permitted *Isabella* and Don *Carlos* to continue their Walk. They soon took an Opportunity of entering a Summer-House in another part of the Garden, where *Isabella*, judging what the Prince intended by leading her out of the view of the Princess, began to tremble, tho' her Soul long'd to hear her Lover repeat his Vows, and to have an Opportunity of more freely avowing her own Sentiments than she had yet done. Yet, Virgin Modesty rais'd her Fears, and made her shrink at the Prospect of the coming Joy; a sudden Tremor seiz'd her whole Frame, her speech falter'd, and she could answer to what he said but in broken and incoherent Sentences. The amorous P——e saw her Confusion, and guess'd the  
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pleasing Cause. Alas! my Princess said he, are you afraid to hear how much I love you; are you displeas'd that at length I have found an Opportunity to declare how much I adore you? I have spoke to the Princess, and she is pleas'd to approve my Passion; the Court too, gives a Sanction to my Flame; there remains then only you to pronounce me the happiest of Mortals. Speak my Charmer; dare I hope that my Vows are not displeasing to *Isabella*? Does she, without Reluctance, permit me to pour out my ardent Soul before her? Oh! speak me into unutterable Happiness, by owning that my Passion has mov'd your Heart; and that, one Day, when by length of Time and long Services, I have render'd myself, in some measure, worthy of the mighty Blessing, I may hope for a return of Love equal to my Wishes: Speak my better Genius; break that cruel Silence, and at once raise me to Heaven, or sink me to Despair. Why, Don *Carlos*, reply'd the illustrious blushing fair One, do you urge me to confess the Secret of my Soul, when you know already your Power over me? I need not, nor, if I would, can I conceal how much I am prepossess'd in your Favour, and how much I rejoice to hear that my Duty does not interfere with my Inclinations. Oh! transporting Thought, reply'd Don *Carlos*, in an Extacy, and kissing her Hand, the wealthiest Monarch of the Eastern World is not half so rich, or half so blest as I am this Moment. My Life! my Transports are too great to bear; ev'ry Word shoots thro' me with thrilling Joy, the Sun shines brighter, the Flowers breath forth their sweetest Odours, the verdant

dant Greens, the gloomy Groves, all Nature smiles upon our Loves, and participates with me the enlivening Bliss. Then my Charmer, (clasping her to his Bosom,) added he, Oh! let me warm thy Virtue into Extacy like mine: My Soul bounds to thine, and would communicate its chaste Transports: Yes, my adorable, there is Sympathy in sacred Love; the genial Flame meets and burns in one united Blaze: your Eyes, my Princess, confess the dear Secret; that murmuring Sigh is fraught with genuine Love.

Oh! Don *Carlos* replied the Princess, cease thus to triumph o'er my vanquish'd Soul; let me conceal some part of my vast stock of Love, and not Prodigal like, display all my Store at once. You have found the Avenues to my easy Heart, fill'd entirely with your lov'd Idea, and have left me no Thought of Happiness, but what centers in Don *Carlos*. But think my Prince, you are not born merely for the soft Dalliance of a fond Passion; Crowns, and Kingdoms call away my Hero to Arms and Danger. But think what I shall feel when you are gone; when my Imagination paints you surrounded with open Enemies, and the more horrid Dangers of secret Treason; and think then, if I should not keep a Curb upon my Heart, if I give Way to too much Love, such Pangs as these, which but to think of at a Distance, freezes my very Soul, may even deliver me up to Death itself. Let us love then, Don *Carlos*, but not permit the blind God to govern us with arbitrary Sway; be less amiable, if possible: leave me some Power to support the dreadful Thought of

a Separation, and the Dangers to which Honour and Glory call you.

The enraptur'd Don *Carlos* was about to reply, when the Princess, and the Lady that was with her, came in Sight, and put the Lovers upon assuming a more compos'd Air, than that which this passionate Interview had thrown them into. They took a Turn or two, after joining the Company, and then left the Gardens, it being the Hour for the Princess to receive Company; and Don *Carlos* retir'd some little Time after: The amorous Pair had many such Meetings, and every Time found an encrease of the soft Passion.

At last the Time approach'd for Ambition to take its Turn; for now a Courier arriv'd from *England*, with the last Resolves of the P——s Friends in that Kingdom, and by their Letters acquainted him, that the Chiefs in *Scotland* were ready for an Insurrection, and waited only for his Presence, to begin their Operations. They made the Prince believe, that they had actually laid his Letters before these Chiefs, acquainting them, that as soon as they came into *England*, they would be join'd by ten thousand *French* Troops; that besides these, they might expect a great Body from *Wales*, and the greatest part of the Commons in *England*: However, these Letters of his contained likewise, an Intimation of his Fears, of being disappointed of the Troops from *France*, and that they should judge for themselves, how far they Thought their Power would be sufficient to effect their Design, in case the *French* King should fail them; protesting that he was willing to risque himself on their Fidelity, but would not have them run  
the



the Hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, unless they were convinc'd, that their Prospect was such, as to promise them infallible Success. But in Fact, these pretended Friends in *England* had conceal'd those Letters from the unhappy Chiefs of the Party in *Scotland*, and inform'd them, that *Don Carlos* was to land with a vast Power from *France*, sufficient not only to secure their own landing, but, when join'd with the Clans, to over-run the whole Island; on the Faith of which, the most considerable of them had sign'd the general Invitation, which was at this Time transmitted to *Don Carlos*, by Mr. *J—n M—y*, the common Agent for the Party. And on the other Hand, they acquainted *Don Carlos* that the Highland Chiefs made no scruple of the fidelity of *France*; approv'd the Plan of Operations transmitted them, and only desir'd his Presence, Money, Amunition, Arms, and some Artillery. Thus deceiv'd on both Sides, by Men who had nothing else in View than to set the Nation in a Flame, in hopes of gaining some small Advantage to themselves in the general Confusion, the unhappy *Don Carlos* thought he had acquitted himself of all grounds for future Reflection on himself, and that he acted upon the best views, and the soundest Policy, and began in earnest to prepare for his unhappy Expedition.

He saw the *French* Ministry busied in Preparations for their intended Succours; several experienc'd Officers were sent over to the Highlands, some Arms and Money were remitted to the Chiefs, with Orders to be in Readiness against  
his

his Landing. But before he set out for *Scotland*, he thought proper to take a Journey to *Madrid*, in order to confer personally with the Catholic King. This Journey was suddenly resolv'd on, and he had but one Evening to spend with his much lov'd *Isabella*. Their Interview on that Occasion was tender and passionate, and ended with mutual Vows of Constancy on both Sides. They parted with Reluctance, and tho' Don *Carlos*, had said as much as fond Love could dictate that Night, yet the next Morning, he thought he had left a thousand tender Things unsaid, and gave vent to the overflowings of his Soul, by a few Lines, before he took Coach; his Letter was in substance as follows.

“ *Madam,*

“ **B**EFORE I thought of this short Separation, I imagin'd it impossible that  
 “ any Circumstances could render you more  
 “ dear to me; but I find that I was infinitely mistaken, for now the Thoughts of  
 “ our Separation, tho' but for so short a Space,  
 “ have proved to me how essential you are to  
 “ my very Being. But two Days ago, my  
 “ Heart plum'd itself in all the Joys of fond  
 “ Delight, and found no ruffling Thought to  
 “ disturb the seraphick Pleasure, so long as you  
 “ were present to fan the sacred Fire which  
 “ glow'd thro' all its Faculties; but to Day  
 “ it has lost all its Gaiety; my Spirits are sunk;  
 “ I seem to look back with Regret on our  
 “ past Joys, and that dear pleasing Moment,  
 “ when first you taught me what it was to be  
 “ supremely Happy. I am no more the same  
 “ Man,

“ Man ; divided from myself, my better-self,  
 “ I look on two or three Weeks to come, as  
 “ an Age, a Myriad of Years ; while the hap-  
 “ py Moments now in retrospect before me,  
 “ seem but as one short, tho’ ineffable Point of  
 “ Time. I take in my past Pleasures, immense  
 “ as they were, in one View, but count the  
 “ miserable Moments of my Separation by  
 “ infinite Divisions. But why do I com-  
 “ plain ? The joyful Reflection that though  
 “ our Persons are so separated yet our Souls,  
 “ tun’d to an equal Pitch of glowing Love,  
 “ are present to each other, and converse by  
 “ Sympathy : yes, thou art ever present to my  
 “ Imagination ; thy lov’d Idea engrosses all  
 “ my Faculties ; for thou art my very Essence,  
 “ and congenial with my Being. But whither  
 “ does my Fancy lead me ? I thought only to  
 “ bid you again adieu : And oh ! thou dear  
 “ Excellence ! may you know none of those  
 “ agonizing Thoughts I now feel ; may all yours  
 “ be only pleasing ones, and may your Mo-  
 “ ments pass on in a continued Circle of De-  
 “ light, till the Return of,

*Madam,*

*Your faithful Adorer,*

C——s.”

Don *Carlos* having dispatch’d this Letter, set  
 out for *Madrid* privately, few about Court be-  
 ing let into the Secret of his Journey, and ar-  
 riv’d at that Capital before the *Spanish* Ministry  
 knew

knew that he had left *Paris*. The Court in general were, or at least pretended to be, much surpriz'd, and not a little puzzled when he notified his Arrival to the Prime Minister, and demanded an Audience of his Catholic Majesty. Those who had most Penetration perceiv'd plainly enough, that the Surprise assum'd was all Grimace, and knew very well, that the Court was in fact pre-acquainted both with his Journey, and Motives to it. However, the Prime Minister waited on him immediately, and tho' he excus'd his Master from granting the P—e a publick Audience, yet he was conducted that Evening privately to the *Escorial*, and had a Conversation of near two Hours with his M—y, where he transacted the Business he came about, which related to his Expedition into *Scotland*; receiv'd Orders for a large Sum of Money, and set out next Day on his Return for *Paris*, where he arriv'd before the generality of the People were inform'd where he had gone.

I omit his Reception at Court, on his Return, which was equal to the Services they expected from him, and must even leave the Reader to suppose what pass'd between the Pr—e and *Isabella* on their first Interview. Words are indeed too poor, and almost every Language too rough to express the mutual Raptures, the moving Expressions, the soft and tender Sentiments of Lovers on these Occasions. Let it suffice then, that if *Don Carlos* thought Absence had taught him how dear *Isabella* was to his Peace, so her Presence after that Absence, convinc'd him, that to Love, such as theirs, no Bounds could be fix'd; every Circumstance increased it, and e-  
very

very Moment presented him with new Motives to cherish the divine Flame. But he had not much Time now to bestow on amorous Dalliances. The Hour of his Embarkation drew near; every Mail and fresh Courier brought him Intelligence, how impatient his Partisans were to be in Action; and how much his Presence was wanted to give Vigour and Speed to their Designs. It was now the Lovers felt the Shock of a real parting; this was not merely a Journey, of which they could fix the Period, and make allowances for necessary Delays; but a Separation big with Danger, and full of doubtful Events; a Separation to which they could fix no certain Limits, and to which *for ever*, seem'd the most probable Crisis.

Don *Carlos* felt on this Occasion, all the Pangs that Man can feel, when parting with all that he holds dear; but he had Ambition, that restless Passion, to keep his Faculties from sinking, while *Isabella*, who valued Crowns and Scepters but as Trifles, when compar'd with her Don *Carlos*, sunk under the Weight of her Grief. Now she wish'd some Accident might retard his Departure; nay wish'd for, hop'd for, Impossibilities; any thing to sooth the torturing Apprehensions she felt, for the Dangers into which he was to plunge.

Some Days before he set out, they were together in *Isabella's* Chamber, (for his Passion was now publickly known, and that it was approv'd at Court, and therefore she was treated by his Party as Princess of *W—s*,) and enter'd on the melancholy Subject of their Separation, when the young Princess gave a loose to her Sorrow, and  
vented

vented her Grief in the most passionate Terms. Goods Heavens, said she, to what Misery am I reduc'd; why, oh! why, Don *Carlos*, did you appear so amiable? why have not I lov'd you less? Then might I have been able to bear your Absence with some degree of Patience. And why does cruel Ambition rival me in your Breast, and rob me of all human Comfort? How is it possible for me to suffer you to risque your dear Person amongst a Savage, and perhaps faithless People? How can I see you surrounded with all the Horrors of dreadful War, expos'd to all the Dangers of the Seas, the Seasons, and the Snares of your Enemies, (who will doubtless omit no means to destroy you,) and preserve my Senses? Its impossible, my Prince, the Moment you go hence, that Moment puts a Period to *Isabella's* Life. Oh! Don *Carlos*, if you love *Isabella*, if you can have any Idea of her Fears, her Pangs, her piercing Anguish, when she thinks on the Dangers into which the Tyrant *Ambition* is about to involve you, think of some Expedient to ward off the dreadful Blow; defer your Departure but a Week, perhaps Fortune may produce something propitious to my Peace. Why, oh! why, will you trust yourself so slenderly guarded, and with an Equipage scarce worthy a private Subject? can you think thus of subduing a powerful Kingdom? Where is the princely Train that should attend the Heir of a mighty Monarch; your Guards, your Armies, to support the Royal Standard: Oh! Sir, the Scheme is impracticable! Ambition, daring wild Ambition, has clouded your Understanding, and plunges

plunges you headlong into inevitable Destruction. Is this the Care, the Love and Esteem the Court of *France* shews you, to send you out a Wanderer, and rather like an Exile than a General?—No! you must not, shall not go; stay till your Party are up in Arms, till the *French* Succours are ready, and go along with them, attended like what you are, and what you ought to be.

Don *Carlos* was extreamly moved at her passionate Complaining, and began to fancy, at least his Passion made him believe, that there was strong Reason in the latter part of her Speech; and after a little Pause he replied; sure, *Isabella*, some Divinity instructs you! you are my good Angel, and have painted in such lively Colours the Folly of my present Enterprize, that I am ashamed I ever countenanc'd it; but 'tis not yet too late, especially when it contributes to the Peace of my adorable Princess. Yes, I will put off my Departure, appoint a General to head my *Scotch* Friends, and stay myself till I can meet them like the Son of their K—g, attended by an Army to support their generous Loyalty, and secure their Conquests. Yes my lovely Counsellor, you have advis'd me like an Oracle, and snatch'd me from the dreadful Precipice into which I had rashly plung'd; I obey the inspir'd Dictate, and will go this Minute to countermand my Orders, and relieve my Charmier from her Fears.

*Isabella*, transported with his kind Compliance, gave a loose to her Joy, and thank'd the P—e in the most tender Terms. And now they both resum'd in some measure their former Tranquility, and pass'd an Hour or two longer in the mutual

mutual Endearments of a Love, as Chaste as it was Excessive; till Don *Carlos* took his Leave, in order to give Instructions for the new Measures he intended to take.

But when he got home, he began to reflect on the new Resolution he had taken, and weigh calmly the Consequences that might attend his Change of Measures. He now became extremely uneasy, and his Spirits were in such a Tumult between the Calls of Love and Glory, that he found himself incapable of forming any just Opinion of what he was about; and in this Dilemma, he thought to open the late Conversation with *Isabella*, to his old Confidant Sir *Thomas Sherridan*; yet he was ashamed to confess his Weakness, to that faithful Friend, and that his fond Passion had staggerd his Resolution of making the Expedition in the manner it had been propos'd by all his Friends, both in *Britain*, and at the Courts of *Madrid* and *Versailles*. He was conscious, that whatever specious Appearance of Reason the Arguments urg'd by *Isabella* might seem to bear, yet his yielding to them proceeded more from his Passion, than the Conviction of his Understanding, which he knew was a Weakness in a Prince just enter'd on the Pursuit of Glory; and was unwilling to expose his Instability, even to his Bosom Friend: agitated by those two tumultuous Passions, he remain'd unresolv'd till it was Time to go to rest. He then went to Bed, and fell into a short Slumber, but lay awake most part of the Night, striving with himself to limit the Boundaries of the two potent Empires of Love and Glory; At last, making one grand Effort, he began



began to examine himself in this Manner. What am I about to do? Shall I alter so long and so well concerted a Scheme, because there appears some Danger? No! that may brand my Name with Cowardice, and throw a Damp upon the Courage of my Friends. I know my Partizans in *Scotland* are ready to arm in my Behalf, to risque their Lives and Fortunes to restore me to my Birthright, and wait only my Presence to animate them to Action. I have promis'd it, pass'd my Word as a Prince, and in that Faith involv'd them in as much Guilt against their present Government as possibly they can; and shall I break my Word because a Woman thinks it dangerous? No, such an Action must fix on me the Guilt of a Breach of Faith, and give the *French* Court my own Example to plead in Defence of their failing me, if they really should. And shall I seem to doubt the Faith of my Father's S—bj—ts, and rely on the Promises of an Ally, that has so often deceiv'd us? No, I must not yield to the lovely Tempter. It's my fond Passion that gave Reason and Strength to her Arguments. I must guard my Heart against her soothing Tongue: ~~but~~ can I leave her, leave the divine *Isabella* in all the Agonies which I know her tender Passion for me suggests to her fearful Imagination: But, shall I condemn that Judgment I rashly approv'd, and give her room to think that I prefer even a Crown to her Peace and Happiness? No, that would be ruining my Love, the chief End for which I fight, and which alone can make Crowns or Sceptres even tolerable; for, without her, what are Power, Pomp, or all the other Allurements of Life,

I

even

even nothing ? Heavens ! What must I do ? Teach me, some pitying Angel, how to reconcile Love and Glory ; what I owe to the charming *Isabella*, and what to myself and injur'd Family.

He continued in this *Dilemma*, and in the greatest Commotion of Spirits, (wishing that even Death might instantly snatch him out of the endless Perplexity) till Morning, when, very early, one of his Pages deliver'd him a Letter, which he said was brought by a Groom of the Chamber belonging to the Princess *Isabella*. Don *Carlos* hastily opened the Letter, which contain'd as follows :

“ R——l Sir,

“ **H**OW shall I atone for my Weakness  
 “ last Night, or how shall I convince you  
 “ that *Isabella*, when truly herself, has a becoming Value for the Glory of her ador'd Don  
 “ *Carlos*, after the Pains she took in our last  
 “ Conversation, to divert you from the Pursuit  
 “ of Conquest and Honour. But my Prince, it  
 “ was my Passion that then spoke, and represented my Hero only as the Lover ; and magnified his Danger beyond Credibility ; but  
 “ you had no sooner left me, and I reflected  
 “ that my foolish Fears had extorted a Promise  
 “ from you of delaying your Departure, and  
 “ weighed the Consequences that might attend such an Alteration in the Plan concerted with your Friends, than I reproach'd myself for being so mere a Woman, and making  
 “ so inglorious a Use of the Power I find I  
 “ had over your generous Soul ; for in that Interval

terval of calm Reason, I saw plainly what  
 your Fame, your Interest, your Friends re-  
 quir'd ; and that all was opposite to what I  
 had so warmly press'd upon you. I trem-  
 bled at the Uneasiness you would be in, when  
 you saw Things free from the Disguise which  
 my Folly, and your too indulgent Fond-  
 ness for me, had thrown over them, and  
 could not rest till I had cautioned you a-  
 gainst myself. Ah ! Don *Carlos* ! beware  
 of yielding too fondly to so blind a Pas-  
 sion as Love ; resume your natural Digni-  
 ty, and, if possible, forget that there is such  
 a Creature as *Isabella* in Being, to clog your  
 great, your noble Pursuits. Proceed, Sir, in  
 the Paths of Glory, in which you set out so  
 early, and gather those Laurels which I trust  
 Fate has in store for you. Heaven is my  
 Witness, that I love your Fame, your Ho-  
 nour, your Glory, more than myself ; for,  
 O my *Carlos* ! I gave you Yesterday but a  
 faint Idea of what I shall feel when you are  
 gone ; and yet I shall have some Intervals of  
 Satisfaction to support my Being, when I  
 reflect that my Sufferings are necessary to my  
 Happiness, and that my Hero is gathering  
 immortal Fame, and acting a Part worthy  
 of himself. Think not, my Prince, that it is  
 to secure a Crown I would thus resign your  
 sacred Life ; no, were that all the Fruit I  
 could expect from the mighty Dangers you  
 may encounter, I should still wish for your  
 Stay ; but, with or without a Crown, the bare  
 Attempt thus amply to perform what your  
 Duty requires of you, will reflect a Glory upon

“ you, infinitely surpassing the comparatively  
 “ insignificant Grandeur of wielding a Sceptre;  
 “ on this Account I ought to part with you,  
 “ and beg of you to permit nothing I said Ye-  
 “ sterday to have any Weight with you, but  
 “ pursue the Dictates of your own Prudence,  
 “ without regarding my weak female Fears;  
 “ into which, if I should ever relapse, O! my  
 “ Prince, regard them but as Dreams, or at  
 “ least, but as Proofs how dear you are to your

“ *Isabella.*”

Don *Carlos* on reading this Letter, was struck  
 with Admiration at the prodigious Strength of  
 Mind with which that amiable Lady soar'd above  
 her Sex, and what noble Sentiments inspired her  
 Breast; he even felt a kind of Regret on re-  
 flecting that he had struggled so long between  
 Love and Honour; and had not got the better  
 of the Conflict, till animated by the Example of  
 the divine *Isabella*. The Veneration he conceived  
 for her matchless Prudence, and exalted Notions  
 of Honour, with the passionate Zeal she ex-  
 press'd for his Glory, not only increas'd his  
 Tendernefs for her, but rendered the Parting  
 with her still more difficult; he had even almost  
 resolved to abide by his last Resolution of stay-  
 ing till the *French* Embarkation, till he recollected  
 that such a Step could not but sully that  
 Glory, which rendered him truly worthy of the  
 incomparable *Isabella*, and which seemed to be  
 the sole Object of her Passion. This determin'd  
 him to absolutely resume his Intention of em-  
 barking for *Scotland*, for which all things were  
 got

got in Readiness in two Days, all of which that could be spared from the necessary Dispatch of Business, he spent with *Isabella*.

At last the fatal Hour of his Departure drew near, and our Lovers must now bid adieu to each other. *Isabella*, summoning all her Courage, endeavoured to banish the Woman from her Soul, and to conceal the tender Throbbings of her over-loaded Heart, lest she should communicate the sympathetic Pain to her *Don Carlos*, who saw her struggle; and tho' he felt all the Pangs of the most extream Anguish, and could have poured out his Soul in the softest Complaints, was however ashamed to be out-done in this Tryal of Constancy by a Woman, and feared to melt her into Tendernefs, by giving way to the pathetic Overflowings of his Heart. Assuming then a Carriage as assur'd as possible, when about to leave her, he clasp'd her tenderly to this Bosom, saying, I see my *Isabella* the painful Struggle between your Regard for me, and your Fortitude: It would be Cruelty to prolong the torturing Moment; let us therefore bid a hasty Adieu, and comfort ourselves with this Thought, that we part but to meet in greater Transports, when I hope to lay a Sceptre at your Feet, and deck you with those Laurels which my Passion for you must inspire me with Courage to win. Then we shall look back on this Cloud as giving Lustre to our future Glory, and adding Poignancy to those Joys, those delightful Moments, which I hope Heaven has yet in Store for us. Then joining his Lips to hers, he breath'd a long Adieu, in balmy Kisses. *Isabella* return'd the ardent Embrace, and forcing her-

self from his Arms, adieu, said she, Don Carlos!—May Heavens protect you.—Leave me while I yet have Strength—for Oh!—*here the Excess of her Grief, choak'd up the Powers of Speech*; and the Prince, with his Eyes swimming in Tears, left the Palace, and joined his Train which waited for him ready mounted. But now, viewing so many gallant Gentlemen, all embarking with him in the great Expedition, he could not but recollect that Glory must now claim its Turn of Sovereignty in his Mind, and that the soft Influences of Love were not the proper Attendants of a Prince, who was going in Search of a Crown. He therefore shook off the little God, and assum'd the usual Serenity of his Countenance, with such an Air of Confidence and Chearfulness, as added still to the Spirit of the small but resolute Troop that made up his Retinue.

The Circumstances of his leaving *Paris*, his Arrival at Port *Lazare* in *Britany*, his Sailing from thence for *Scotland*, his narrow Escape from the *English* Men of War, and his Landing in the Isle of *Uist*, are already so universally known, that it would be entirely needless to repeat them here. Therefore I shall only observe, that on his Landing in *Uist*, he sent Notice of his Arrival to young *Lochiel*, and Sir *Alexander M'Donnald*, the Laird of *M—d*, and the Earl of *S—*, who were reported to him to have been ready to join him. But the three last acquainted the Messenger he sent, that they could not declare for him. Mr. *Cameron* the Younger of *Lochiel*, waited on him in Person at *Ardnamurchan*, where he was arrived; and when that Gentleman was informed that these Chiefs had declined engaging,

ing, (who were by much the most considerable in the Association) and saw that no *French* Troops were come over, or were to be expected immediately, (the reverse of what he had been made believe by the *English* Agents) he advis'd Don *Carlos* to go back with the same Ship that brought him; for that the *Cians* now remaining in his Interest, were too few to serve him effectually, without Assistance from the *French*, and too many to be thrown away upon a desperate Attempt. Mr. *Kelly* and others, who reckon'd what Men could be rais'd, not by their Knowledge of the Country, but by their sanguine Hopes, and heated Imaginations, assur'd Don *Carlos*, that in less than a Month, ten thousand at least would join his Standard in *Scotland*; that double that Number would meet him in the North of *England*, which would form an Army, exclusive of the expected *French* Succours, sufficient to chase the E——r out of *Britain*. *Lockiel* honestly told him, that he knew the *Highlands* perfectly, and durst pledge his Head that half those Gentlemen talk'd of to be levied there, could not be rais'd in a Year; and that he hop'd in God such as took up Arms, would have more Wit than to depend on the Assistance of the *English*. This last Expression drew some warm Words from *Kelly*, hinting as if *Lockiel* was only concerned for his own Danger, and permitted his Fears to exaggerate Difficulties; on which *Lockiel*, addressing himself to Don *Carlos*, said, I am, Sir, already as obnoxious to the Government as I can be, and value my Life and Fortune as little as any Man here. What I offer'd I thought my Duty requir'd;

but since its not regarded, I'll bring my Clan, and you shall dispose of them and me as you think fit, and I heartily wish my presaging Heart may be disappointed in my Fears of the Issue.

In about a Week, *Lothiel* accordingly joined him with 600 effective Men, well arm'd, which were thought sufficient to countenance *Don Carlos's* erecting his Standard. The Clans joined but slowly, and in *September* they could only muster about 2500 Men, with which they occupy'd a strong Pass, which obliged the General of the King's Troops in *Scotland* to turn off to the East, and leave the Way open for their Passage to the Low Country, where they arrived by quick Marches, and surpriz'd the City of *Edinburgh*, the Capital of *Scotland*, on the 15th of *September*, and on the 21st had the good Fortune to defeat a Body of Troops consisting of 1400 Foot and 600 Dragoons, under the Command of Lieutenant General *Cope*, and by that Means render'd himself in a manner Master of all *Scotland*, except a few Garrisons, which he expected soon to reduce.

Till now we may naturally believe, that our young Warrior was too much employed to think seriously of the Affairs of Love. *Mars* and his Train had quite banished the blind Boy from his Heart; not but he thought of his Mistress amidst all the Hurry and Confusion of Marches, Counter-Marches, Councils, Battles, Skirmishes, and Attacks, but his Mind was too much embarrass'd to dwell long on that Subject. However, as he now was so much Master of one of the three Kingdoms, had gain'd a Royal Battle,



Battle, and made his triumphant Entry into the antient Seat of his Family, no Wonder if the soft Deity put in for a Share of the Joy which fill'd our Hero's Breast on this first Dawn of Prosperity; and as he dispatch'd Mr. Kelly to *France*, with an Account of his Progress, he took that Opportunity to write to his illustrious Mistress, that she might participate of the first Fruits of his good Fortune. His Letter ran thus.

“ *Madam,*

“ **I** T were impossible for me to have suf-  
 “ fer'd the Pangs of so long an Absence,  
 “ tho' kept in a continual Hurry of Thought,  
 “ if I were not certain that I am now em-  
 “ ploy'd in the Discharge of my Duty, to  
 “ the best of Parents, and of King's, to my  
 “ Country, and to my Mistress; and in  
 “ the only Road which can render me wor-  
 “ thy of that Love which constitutes the chief  
 “ Happiness of my Life. You are, my *Isa-*  
 “ *bella*, ever present to my Imagination, your  
 “ dear Idea is still before my Eyes, and by  
 “ it I direct all my Thoughts and Actions;  
 “ for when any Thing great is to be perform'd  
 “ which requires the Exercise of all my Fa-  
 “ culties, when I but reflect on you, all my  
 “ Doubts vanish, Impossibilities become prac-  
 “ ticable, and the greatest Dangers dwindle  
 “ into meer Shadows, such is the Effect  
 “ of the noble Sentiments with which your  
 “ Love has inspir'd me. To you I fly when  
 “ weary with watching, oppress'd with Care,  
 “ and

“ and surrounded with deadly Danger, and  
 “ then I find Ease, Safety, and Peace; you  
 “ are my Counsellor in the Cabinet, and my  
 “ Shield and Patron Saint in the Day of Battle.  
 “ Yes, *Isabella* to you, tho’ Absent, tho’ divid-  
 “ ed from me by so many Leagues of Sea and  
 “ Land, I owe the Victory at *Preston-Pans*.  
 “ Your Name inspir’d me, and under your  
 “ Auspices, with a handful of new rais’d  
 “ Foot, inferiour in Number to the Enemy,  
 “ I triumph’d over a regular Army, with the  
 “ Loss only of about 40 Men. But these are  
 “ thy Miracles, O Love, and I hope an  
 “ Earnest, my dear Princess, that Providence  
 “ intends to put an End to the Calamities of  
 “ my Father’s House, and in the End, to  
 “ crown my Labours with the inestimable Bles-  
 “ sing, the Possession of *Isabella*, which is the  
 “ only Hope, by which I live, and the Center  
 “ of all the Wishes of,

*Madam,*

*Your Adorer,*

C — P — R — .”

As it is not my Intention to give the Parti-  
 culars of *Don Carlos* glorious, though unfortu-  
 nate Expedition into *B—t—n*, I pass over  
 the Correspondence that pass’d between him  
 and *Isabella* during his Stay in that *Island*. He  
 gave her an Account of most of his Successes  
 in general, and by a turn of Gallantry, ascrib’d  
 them

them all to the Force of his Passion for her. After his Defeat at *Culloden*, he wrote her the following melancholy Epistle.

“ *Madam,*

“ **I** Now find by cruel Experience, that no  
 “ Appearances on this Side the Grave are  
 “ to be trusted. Alas!—one Hour, one fatal  
 “ Moment, has revers’d the Chain of my  
 “ Fortune, and reduc’d the once conquering  
 “ *Carlos*, to a forlorn Fugitive, in that Country  
 “ where but Yesterday I commanded ab-  
 “ solute, gave Life by my Nod, and frown’d  
 “ the most daring into Death; where every  
 “ Thing animated echo’d forth my Praises, and  
 “ pronounced me the peculiar Favourite of Hea-  
 “ ven. Even my Highlanders, who have no  
 “ Word in their Language to signify Fear, who  
 “ are universally known to meet Death with  
 “ an Intrepidity which other Nations admire,  
 “ but know not how to imitate, even these  
 “ brave Men are Coward-struck by the pre-  
 “ dominant Malice of my Stars, and are con-  
 “ verted into Cowards because led by me.  
 “ Yes, my *Isabella*, my heretofore undaunted  
 “ Heroes are fled from those very Troops their  
 “ Looks had formerly conquer’d! my Hopes  
 “ are gone; I saw them slaughter’d with un-  
 “ relenting Fury, and become the Prey of a  
 “ remorseless Victor. But why should I  
 “ wound your tender Ears with the dismal  
 “ Tale, its thought that I am now a Wanderer  
 “ without an Army, nay, almost without a  
 “ Servant, or any Place that can shelter me  
 “ from

"from my Enemies.—But all these I re-  
 "gard the less, while I maintain my Place  
 "in your Heart: While possess'd of this  
 "Blessing, I am still richer than those that  
 "command the Globe; there is a Happiness  
 "in that Thought which is not in the Power  
 "of Men or Devils to rob me off.—But, has  
 "Fortune yet so rich a Prize in Store for me?  
 "No! it cannot be.—'Tis reserv'd for one  
 "more happy in the Favour of the Blind  
 "capricious Goddess; not for a ruin'd, mi-  
 "serable Fugitive! Yes, adorable *Isabella*, I  
 "must despair, I am unworthy of your Love,  
 "and dare not ask you so much as to pity the  
 "wretched *Carlos*. But what am I saying?  
 "No, I injure that Excellency which cannot  
 "so lightly change its Nature. No! you  
 "must still take Pleasure in communicating  
 "Happiness to the Unfortunate, and the bare  
 "Thought, that its possible I still retain a  
 "Place in your Heart, warms me into a Re-  
 "conciliation with Life, and gives me a  
 "Glympse of Hope, that Providence may yet  
 "restore my Affairs.—But I must abruptly con-  
 "clude—Alas! every Moment brings some  
 "new Alarm: And this Instant the Bearer  
 "flies, as well to save his Life, as to forward  
 "this from,

"Madam,  
 "Your unfortunate but constant Adorer.

C — P — R —

The

The Person who was charged with this Letter got safe to *Paris*, but not before the News of Don *Carlos's* Defeat was publicly known at Court, and his Loss exaggerated by a Rumour that prevail'd, that the P——e himself was kill'd by a Party that went in Pursuit of him, after the Battle; for which there was more than ordinary Colour, as Part of the *British* Troops had surrounded a House from whence he had but just escap'd, and kill'd a young Gentleman of the Name of *M'Kenzie*, who, to give him Time to make good his Escape, and to amuse the Party, had disguis'd himself in the same Manner, that it was reported that Don *Carlos* frequently appeared in. The generous Scheme had the desir'd, yet fatal, Effect, for the enrag'd Soldiers taking it for granted that this was the unhappy P——e for whom they were in Search, stab'd him in a Thousand Places, and giving over the Pursuit of the real Person, carried the mangled Corpse to their Camp in great Triumph, where it was a Day or two before the Mistake was found out.

This Story had reach'd *France*, and fill'd the Court with extream Concern; but the News affected none so much as the disconsolate *Isabella*, who was almost frantic with Grief. Not all her Philosophy, all her boasted Resignation could bare her up against the Shock. The Loss of the Battle, and with it all Prospect of a Crown, had no Power to move her into the least Complaint; she bore every thing else with Patience and Magnanimity, while she thought her Hero safe, but when the News came of his barbarous Death, her Courage left her,

her, and she sunk into all the Excesses of Sorrow. “ Had he, said she, died in the Field, “ by the Chance of War, or the brave Hand of “ some valiant Leader, I had not half so much “ regretted his Fate ; but to be butcher’d in “ Disguise, by the base Hands of common “ Pillagers, my Soul cannot bear it. Heavens ! “ why slept the Thunder, what could with-hold “ the Divine Vengeance from falling, in the “ most signal Manner, on his Murderers. A- “ las ! escap’d he so many Dangers, surviv’d “ he the Fields of *Preston-Pans*, and *Falkirk*, “ to perish thus miserably, thus unreveng’d at “ last ? ”

She ran on in the wildest Soliloquy imaginable, while her Strength lasted ; but sinking under the Load of the most passionate Grief, she took her Bed, and was thought past Recovery, when the Messenger arriv’d with the agreeable News of his being safe ; for tho’ his Letter bore Date the Day after the Battle of *Culloden*, and before the suppos’d Murder, yet the Person who brought it staid some Weeks in *Scotland*, and was able to set them right in that Mistake. The Letter being immediately delivered her, she read it as a Criminal ready to die would have read a free Pardon : Every Line, though full of her Hero’s Misfortunes, and giving her an Account of the Shipwreck of all his late blooming Hopes, yet fill’d her with inexpressible Joy. Oh Happiness beyond Expression, cried the enraptur’d Maid, my Hero lives, *Don Carlos* is in Being, has escap’d those Furies, and all my Fears have been imaginary ! Heaven then has heard my Prayer, and accepted

cepted my Vows for his Deliverance. O may I be amply grateful for the mighty Blessing, and learn to bear all other Ills with Patience, for he who is the Fountain of my Life, the Pride of my Heart, the Joy of my Eyes, yet lives, and lives I hope to triumph o'er his Enemies, and add fresh Laurels to those he has already so gloriously acquir'd.

That amiable Lady was so much overjoy'd at his Deliverance from his imaginary Death, that she felt no Uneasiness about the Loss of the Battle, and recovered her Health and former Tranquility of Spirit in a few Days. She then employ'd all her Care and Influence at Court, to procure a good Reception to such of Don Carlos's Followers as daily resorted to *Paris*, and to procure Vessels to be sent to bring the Adventurer off; but to her inexpressible Anguish, it was several Months before she heard any more of him, when she was inform'd that he landed at *Bologn* on the 25th of *December*. The Receipt of this Advice gave the amiable *Isabella* more real Joy, than if she had received a Grant of the *Indies*; her Extacy was unspeakable. She was scarce able to reserve any of her Transports for his Presence, which was soon expected, so much was she elated on Account of his being once more safe in *France*, and out of those Perils in which he had been involv'd for so many Months past, of which she had a dreadful Idea; tho' Rumour had made them infinitely less than what she found them when he came to relate the Particulars himself.

Don

Don Carlos was obliged to remain at *Bologna* till he had prepar'd an Equipage more suitable to his Rank, than was that miserable Plight in which he arriv'd there; and then set out for *Paris*, where he was receiv'd by the Court, and all Ranks of People, with great Demonstrations of Joy and Respect.

He was much respected, before his Departure from *France*, on Account of his high Birth, and his Pretensions to the *British* Throne; but his gallant and Heroic Behaviour in this now unfortunate Expedition, had exceeded their most sanguine Expectations, and done the Crown of *France* such signal Service, that they receiv'd him now as a finish'd Hero, and could not find Terms even in their flattering Language, expressive enough of their Esteem and Admiration. Don Carlos receiv'd the Compliments and Applause of the Court, and Royal Family, without the least Sign of Elation, or even without finding any real Satisfaction in their extravagant Flights: His Mind was rankled at their Breach of Promise, and their treacherous Disappointment at *Derby*; when their promis'd standing but of a few Men would have given him more than a probable Chance of what he risk'd so much in Pursuit of. But when he came to visit his Mistress, and heard the Raptures she was in for his personal Safety, and the unfeigned Encomiums she bestow'd on him, then it was he found real Pleasure, and in some Measure a Recompence for all the Troubles, the Dangers, and Fatigues he had undergone.



The Princess of T—— had seen him at the Queen's Closet when he first arriv'd, and partook of the general Joy for his signal Deliverance; and when she knew he was to wait on *Isabella*, she absented herself, that the illustrious Lovers might have an Opportunity to congratulate each other in private. Tho' *Isabella* was prepar'd for his Visit, expected it, and wish'd for it as for Life, or ultimate Happiness; yet, when she saw him enter the Room, the Transport was too exalted for her Faculties to bear. She flew like Lightning to his Arms, and in the burst of tumultuous Joy, sunk Speechless on his Bosom, and could only breath in short Sighs the Extacy of thrilling Pleasure that charm'd all her Senses. Don *Carlos* was equally transported, and the Torrent of Joy which now fill'd his Heart, so different from the melancholy Scenes that possess'd his Imagination for so many Months before, was too big for utterance; he could only gaze with silent Rapture, on the lovely, constant, heroic Maid. At last, the first Tumult of Pleasure subsiding into a Calm, allow'd them some Liberty of Speech; but no Pen can paint the fond Expressions of a Passion mutual, sincere, delicate, and lively as theirs; and assisted too, by such extraordinary Circumstances as our Lovers were now in, and of which the Effects are easier imagin'd than describ'd.

In a Word, both Don *Carlos* and the Princess were near half an Hour before their Spirits could settle into any Tranquility; and then *Isabella* ask'd, if the many Rumours she had heard of his Disasters, were in any measure true?

Yes, reply'd *Don Carlos*, my Distresses were greater than ever Poet feign'd ; and so extraordinary, that even exaggerating Fame was oblig'd, contrary to her usual Custom, to fall short of the melancholy Truth ; but the Particulars would too much dash thy present Joy, my dear *Isabella*, to relate them ; let it suffice, that I give you but a short Sketch of them, and reserve the minuter Circumstances for Moments less sacred to Joy than this blessed one that has restor'd me to thy Arms. Forsaken and forlorn, after the fatal Battle of *Culloden*, I was oblig'd to wander for many Miles without a Guide, and traverse vast Wilds and desert Mountains, on Foot, to shelter me from the pursuing Foe. Strip'd of every part of my usual Dress, and habited like a Peasant ; I lodg'd sometimes in homely Cottages, among ignorant, but hospitable Herdsmen, and sometimes in the Cliffs of Rocks and hollow Dens, the forsaken Haunts of wild Beasts, the Receptacles of cold Damps and noxious Vermin ; liv'd on wild Roots and Plants, and drank the mossy Stream, not daring to venture from my Retreat so far as to procure even wholesome water. I have seen whole Battalions of my inveterate Enemies within 50 Yards of my Retirement, heard them load me with the most opprobrious Epithets, and threaten me with Tortures, Death, or the most ignominious Captivity, if I fell into their Hands. When weary of the Continent, and hunted from place to place, even by Blood-hounds, whose unerring Sagacity I have deceiv'd, by standing whole Nights up to the Chin in Water ; I retreated to the Isles, where I wander'd in a variety of Disguises ;

guises; to Day a menial Servant, in my male Capacity; to morrow I acted the awkward Handmaid to a pitying Woman, whose Generosity got the better of her Fears of the Danger of protecting me; no House or Cottage was so remote, no Cave or rocky Cliff, tho' formerly unfrequented for Ages, could afford me above one Night's Shelter together; the Place of my Retreat was still discover'd, whether I slept in the open Air, on the Sea, or in the wild Desert, the Morning soon discover'd my Pursuers, and forced me to betake myself to some new kind of Shelter. The want of Food, the Inclemency of the Weather, the wretched Appearance I was reduced to, worn out with the Fatigue of Travelling; these were but the least of the Miseries I sustain'd; for the little Intelligence I had with Mankind, brought me no other Comfort, but the News of the Tragical End of some or other of my Followers, and every Day presented to my Eyes, the Miseries and Desolation of a Country, once flourishing, populous and happy; but now made a Desert on my unhappy Account. This, my *Isabella*, gave me Pangs which made all my personal Hardships feel light, when compar'd with the torturing Thought, that I had been fatally instrumental in making so many brave and innocent Men wretched. And in all my sad, and solitary Hours, amidst all the Dangers I underwent, I had but one Thought to comfort me, namely, that I had still this inestimable Treasure, (clasping *Isabella* in his Arms) in store, and which in this happy Moment has heal'd all my Sorrows, and banish'd all my Sufferings from my Memory.

Don *Carlos*, finding that this short Narration had but too much moved the tender fond Heart of *Isabella*, to remove the melancholy Ideas he had inspir'd her with; he handed her to the Princess's Apartment, where there was a large Assembly met, to congratulate the once lost, and now recover'd Adventurer; and to compliment the Princess and *Isabella*, on that occasion.

Don *Carlos* was oblig'd to leave the Company sooner than he wish'd to do, on account of some Dispatches then arriv'd, by a Courier from *Rome*. When he got home, and was quite releas'd from all Company, he could not help reflecting on the wonderful constancy of that lovely Maid, who, far from following the Practice of the generality of her Sex, viz. to make their Affections wait, and keep Time with the Fortune of their Lovers, seem'd to have permitted her Passion to acquire fresh Strength, from those very Circumstances that would chill it in most others.

But tho' his ador'd Mistress was so just, so true, so faithful to him, he had some reason to doubt, if he should find the same Honour, Truth, and Generosity in the Court, and her Relations; for he judg'd, that now *France* had gain'd by him all she might expect, particularly the entire Conquest of the *Netherlands*; he foresaw that they would no longer be very solicitous about his Interest; but he was now so much link'd to his ador'd *Isabella*, that he could not think of resenting any Coolness they might show to him, as long as they permitted him to stay in *France*.

It was not long, before his Apprehensions were amply verified; for he found the Ministry full

ull of monstrous Delays, even in providing for the unhappy Gentlemen who had been ruin'd by their Schemes; and such of them as were taken notice of, owed it rather to the independent Interest of the Princess of T—, than to that of Don Carlos, who for two years that he was in *France*, after his Return from *Scotland*, had not three thousand Pistoles from the Court, for himself and all his ruin'd Partizans. He presented several Memorials, complaining both of past and present Breaches of Promise, but they were taken little Notice of; which he had no Ability to resent, and avoided coming to a Rupture, lest he should be forbid the Kingdom, and banish'd from all the earthly Happiness that remain'd to him, namely, his dear *Isabella*, who was still the same, or rather, every Day giving new Proofs of her disinterested Affection.]

These illustrious Lovers continued in all the Happiness that pure, chaste, unspotted Love, could give to Minds truly noble, till the signing the preliminaries of Peace; when the Thoughts of the approaching Storm of Separation broke in upon their Joy. That such a Thing would happen sometime, Don Carlos might easily foresee; but he could not imagine, that the Congress at *Aix*, would have been so soon productive of any Thing; much less could he prevail on himself, to think that the *French* King would so soon have consented to his Banishment, since he had been assur'd, in the most solemn Terms, even so late as at the opening of those Conferences, that his Most Christian Majesty would never consent to a Peace, which should oblige

oblige him to force *Don Carlos* to leave his Dominions. So that depending on his flattering Hopes that these Professions and Promises would be held Sacred, the Preliminaries came upon him like a Thunder-Clap; however, far from descending to any placid Complaints, he resented it so much, that he declar'd, from the beginning, that under the Sanction of sacred, solemn Treaties, and the Royal Promises of his Cousin the King of *France*, he would stay where he was, in Spite of the Allies, and all the Intrigues of his treacherous false Friends, the *French* Ministry.

At a general Meeting of his Adherents at *Paris*, it was resolv'd, that it was his Interest to retire immediately, before the Articles were to take Effect, and before the *French* King desir'd him to go, that his Departure might appear as rather the Effect of his own Choice, than the prevailing Power of his Enemies; and they all join'd in this wholesome Council. The Princess of T—— and her Daughter *Isabella*, were also solicitous to persuade him to it: But when the young Princess came in private to urge it, he complain'd to her most bitterly. “ Ah! “ cried he, are you too in League with my “ cruel Stars? I had but one Sheet Anchor to “ stem the Current of my adverse Fate, and “ that has now failed me. I had but one Joy “ in Store, one only Treasure left of the dreadful Wreck of my whole Fortune, even my “ dear, dear *Isabella*, and would you rob me of “ that? I see my adorable Princess, what is fit “ for my Honour in this Conjunction I saw it “ above a Year ago, and should have gone “ then;

“ then ; but I could not, my *Isabella*, separate  
 “ my Soul from my Body ; I could not fly from  
 “ myself, in short, I could not divide myself  
 “ from you, my Life, who are more than myself:  
 “ Thou art the Support, the End, and supreme  
 “ Happiness of my Being in this World: How  
 “ then can you urge to act the Suicide, and  
 “ bring Death and Destruction on my own  
 “ Head? No! not even Prosperity itself can  
 “ be tollerable, nor can Crowns give me  
 “ Peace, or one glimpse of Joy without you.  
 “ I foresee that the Moment I am torn from  
 “ you, which must be my Fate at last, I  
 “ must undergo enough to put an end to my  
 “ Being, without any further Violence. There-  
 “ fore my *Isabella*, as you regard my Life,  
 “ urge my Departure no more; and if they force  
 “ me hence, my Blood be upon their Heads:  
 “ but, by Heavens! if I fall, I’ll fall nobly,  
 “ and plunge into Eternity with Royal Ruin  
 “ attending me.”

*Isabella* saw *Don Carlos* too much mov’d, to expect that any Arguments she could use at that Time, would have much Effect upon his Temper, but she endeavour’d to sooth him into Calmness, and turn’d the Discourse to some other Subject less grating to them both. When that Princess was alone, she felt all the Pangs of the most cruel Despair; she saw plainly that it was her Duty to urge his Departure, as the only means to save his Honour. Her Reason, and the tender Regard she had for his Fame, suggested many, and potent, Arguments for her to wish his Absence; but Love! and all the tender feelings so inseparable from her as a Woman,

man, pleaded in moving Accents for his stay ; she knew his Presence was become necessary, and essential to her own Happiness. She could part with the Prince, but it was Death to separate from the Lover, and bid adieu to all the soft Transports of a chaste and mutual Flame. In short, Love and Prudence rais'd such a Tumult in her Breast, that it was difficult for Reason to compose the Difference. But in the end, Honour, and the generous Concern she had for every thing wherein Don *Carlos's* Glory was concern'd, got the better of the soft Allurements of the blind Deity ; and she resolv'd to run all Hazards, in persuading him to temporize with his Misfortunes, and to prevail on him to withdraw as of his own Accord. She even went so far, as in a Conversation she had with him, to require it of him, as a Proof of his Love to her, an Argument which she thought he could not withstand, and to threaten never to see him more, unless he comply'd : but that threw him into so excessive an Agony, that her Resolution fail'd her ; she could not see the Man she lov'd with such extream Tenderness, so deeply distress'd by her Artifice ; but confess'd, that she had appear'd thus severe, only to try if she could work upon his Resolution, to act a part which she knew was so consistent with his Honour. No, Don *Carlos*, added she, when I said I would not see you more, if you persisted in your Obstinacy, I violated my own Sentiments ; for do what you will, you are still so essential to my Happiness, that your Presence is really my supreme Felicity on Earth. I feel, alas ! as much the Pangs of so

fatal



fatal a Parting, as you possibly can. But, Sir, the Honour, the Fame, and Glory of my Don *Carlos*, is dearer to me than my Life; can I see the very Essence, the distinguishing Characteristics of sacred Royalty blasted, your Fame tainted, and your Prudence call'd in Question, without suffering every imaginary Torment? Were you to fall nobly in the Field, I could even triumph over your glorious mangled Corpse, and satiate my gloomy Breast with contemplating your immortal Fame, which such a Death would only blazon; but, to be treated like a Slave, hurried away like a banish'd Vagabond; Good God! the thoughts of such an Event is too much for Mortality to sustain! how then can I bear it, when I, unhappy I, am the sole, the only Cause of all this? for without me, you had been still the great, intrepid, and prudent Hero! In short, you had been yourself, and happy at least in un sullied Fame. Alas! reply'd Don *Carlos*, I am surely instigated by some hidden Power, to maintain my Resolution, even against the Voice of Reason itself. This seems the Crisis of my Fate, now pregnant with some mighty Woe, or some great unlook'd for Happiness. But, whatever my Fate is, let me meet it in Tranquillity my *Isabella*, for my Resolutions are fix'd as Destiny, never to leave this Place till compell'd to it by superior Power. The more you urge me, the stronger the Proofs are that you give me of my Folly, the more conspicuous your Excellence appears; and that serves only to inflame the Disease, and strengthen my Purpose, to risque every thing to be bless'd with thy dear Presence.

After such a Declaration, it was in vain for *Isabella* or her Friends, to attempt to alter his Resolves; they now try'd their Interest at Court, to find out an Expedient for countenancing his stay; the Princess of T—t spoke so freely of his Wrongs on this Occasion, that to her great Surprize she was forbid the Court. However, as she had a powerful Party in the Nation, she continued to interest herself very strenuously in Don *Carlos's* Interest, but nothing could prevail; the Court, tho' willing enough, could find out no Trick to evade the express Stipulation relating to him in the Treaty of *Aix*; and at last, signified to Don *Carlos* the necessity of his Departure, and prevail'd with his Father to join his Commands for a speedy Compliance; but Threats, Entreaties, and Remonstrances were in vain, the Charms of *Isabella* were Magnets too powerful for all Efforts of that kind; his Obstinacy greatly perplex'd the Court, who were unwilling to come to Extremities with a P—e so much beloved by the People, and to whom was owing so much of the Glory and Success of his Majesty's Arms; but they were now oblig'd, in support of regal Authority itself, as well as by Treaties with their new Allies, to compel him to depart; and therefore it was resolv'd, in a Council held on purpose in the Presence of his Majesty, to put him under Arrest, which they actually did, but in such a manner as to prevent any Danger to the P—'s Person, or Affront to the sovereign Authority, by any rash Resolutions of Resistance which they knew he had form'd, had they attack'd him where it was in his Power to put them in Execution

Execution ; the particulars of that Event, which put a stop for the present to his Amours, are sufficiently Public ; and I flatter myself, the Reader will excuse my repeating them, as well as describing the piercing Grief with which *Isabella* was seiz'd, when she heard her Hero was taken into Custody tho' she expected it, and knew it was to happen within the compass of a few Hours ; yet, the News recall'd every tender Moment that pass'd between them, and presented to her Imagination the Terrors of Absence, the Horrors of what a Spirit like his must suffer in such Circumstances, and such a crowd of jarring and tormenting Ideas, that her Agonies were inexpressible, and her Sorrows too poignant to come within the Power of Description.

F I N I S.



I recollect the particular of that event, which  
 put a stop to the pleasure of his Amours; and  
 I recollect it, and I am myself, as well  
 as he, will excuse my repeating them, as well  
 as describing the pining Grief with which I  
 was seized, when I heard her story  
 was taken into Confession, the expected it,  
 and knew it was to happen within the compass  
 of a few hours; yet, the News rec'd every  
 tender Moment that pass'd between them, and  
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